JOHN BULL, AUGUST 4, 1923. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIV. No. 881 SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1923. TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

The "Daily Mail" Exposed

by A. G. Gardiner

TRIAL PACKET FREE

on receipt of your name and address on a post card addressed to:—

SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LTD., 26, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C.2

per 8D. pkt.

Shredded Wheat 100% FOOD

with fresh or stewed fruits

A delicious and seasonable dish for any meal—always ready. Every shred pure food.

Grand Gift Distribution sweeps the Country!

STILL TIME

to get a

2/6

'Everpointed' Pencil

FREE!

"JOHN BULL'S" great gift distribution is sweeping the country. In order to introduce the new 5/6 "John Bull" Lever Self-Filling Masterpiece Model Pen (complete with clip and fitted with solid 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, and safety screw cap) we are offering a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE! There is STILL TIME for you to take advantage of this splendid offer. Send for your Pen and Pencil TO-DAY. But you must hurry or you may be too late!

SEND NO MONEY.

Available for 10 days only. JOHN BULL PEN DEPT., Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

Send me your new model 5/6 "John Bull" Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 3 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (postage free) and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil as a free gift. If I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition within 3 days from receipt.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

State if broad, medium or fine nib required. Should you desire to forward remittance with this application, cross P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "JOHN BULL."

J.B.4.8.23. Date.....

How "John Bull" Helped in the GREAT STORM!

BUT for the fact that "John Bull" is the *only* paper that pays Storm Benefits, thousands of our readers would have otherwise suffered great loss as a result of the terrible havoc wrought by the recent violent storms.

In great emergencies such as these the "John Bull" Free Home Insurance Gift proves its practical value and comes as a great blessing to those who were wise enough to take advantage of the wonderful benefits which are offered to our readers. This week we publish a few of the many hundreds of names of those who are receiving benefits.

Have YOU registered yet?

STORM.

up to £300

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. H. Hemus, 9/3, Summer Hill St., Parade.

LYE, Nr. STOURBRIDGE.—Mrs. B. Hill, 46, Hayes Lane.

MILFORD HAVEN.—Mr. A. Wrytt 56, Spikes Lane, Hakin.

NEWINGTON CAUSEWAY.—Mrs. Bailey, 49, Rockingham St.

KENTISH TOWN, N.W.—Mr. J. J. Helps, 151, Carlton Road.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. A. Edwards, 67, Wellesley St., Hockley.

LYE, Nr. STOURBRIDGE.—Mr. S. Beasley, 47, Hayes Lane.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. G. R. Chandler, 69, Wellesley St., Hockley.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. A. Hall, 8/3, Summer Hill St., Parade.

EASTBOURNE.—Mr. A. F. Clifford, 124, Longstone Rd.

STAFFS.—Mr. H. Ross, 6, Blue Ball Road, Chase Row, Burntwood, nr. Lichfield.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. A. G. Jobbins, 14, Alleyne Road, Erdington.

LANARKSHIRE.—Mrs. G. Douglas, 31, Ladysmith St., Wishaw.

BARRY DOCK, GLAM.—Mrs. L. Gervaise, 40, Hirwain St.

LLANHILLETH, MON.—Mr. T. Smith, 7, Regent St.

BULWELL, NOTTS.—Mr. E. Sisson, 3, Honey Place, Main Street.

BAILLIESTON, Via GLASGOW.—Mr. R. Carmichael, 11, Ride Row,

NEW KENT ROAD.—Mr. S. R. Wheelwright, 170, Munton Rd.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. M. Binnersley, 28, Nelson St., Parade.

BIRMINGHAM.—H. Hughes, 4/279, Icknield St., Hockley.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. H. Tonks, 142, Phillips St., Aston.

BIRMINGHAM.—J. Pearson, 9, Witton Terrace, Witton Rd., Aston.

WALWORTH, S.E.—F. C. Robinson, 172, Munton Rd.

FULHAM, S.W. 6.—H. R. Burton, 19, Pearscroft Rd.

FULHAM, S.W. 6.—A. H. Richardson, 21, Pearscroft Rd.

BATTERSEA, S.W. 11.—Mrs. E. Drudge, 1A, Gwynne Rd., High St.

BROCKLEY, S.E.—L. R. C. Cunningham, 13, Tyrwhitt Rd.

Sickness Benefits £5 5s.

towards medical attendance for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Typhoid Fever, Smallpox, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-Spinal Fever (or "spotted" fever), Measles, Anthrax.

OLD KENT ROAD.—Mr. T. F. Bayliss, 57, Pecos Walk.

CHESTERFIELD.—Mr. J. Bramley, 1, King St., Clay Cross.

OXON.—Miss. Churchill, Rose Cottage, Duckington, nr. Witney.

SOMERSET.—Mrs. Passton, 20, Woodlint Buildings, High St., Taunton.

FIRE.

Loss by Fire to the Registered Reader's household, furniture or personal effects.

UP TO £300.

GLASGOW.—J. Clark, 162, Bellfield Street, Dennistown. **£40**

PLAISTOW.—Miss Winkworth, 105, St. Mary's Road.

BUCKS.—Mrs. E. Thirp, 29, Tower Street, Terriers, nr. High Wycombe.

DEWSBURY.—Mr. R. Dobson, 167, Lees Grove, Thornhill Lees.

Home Accidents £3 per week.

NORFOLK.—Mr. A. Palmer, Chantry Lane, Necton, nr. Swaffham.

LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. M. Mackin, 64, Dublin St., off St. Howard St.

WELLING, KENT.—A. R. Hunt, 4, Williams Place, Belle Grove.

Home Accidents £1 per week.

WINCHAM, Nr. NORTHWICH.—Mrs. F. Bryan, 4, Church Street.

THORNHILLS, Nr. DEWSBURY.—Mrs. A. Sheard, 95, Bank Dale Street.

GRIMSBY.—Mrs. C. E. Benson, 31, Duke St.

CANNING TOWN, E. 16.—Mrs. L. Mackay, 45, Clifford Rd.

HULL.—Mrs. E. Waudby, 208, Regent St., Hessle Rd.

GLASGOW.—Mrs. Tener, 16, Grace St., Anderston.

CHESTERFIELD.—Mr. J. R. Smith, 4, Devonshire St., Newbold Moor.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. D. O'Mahony, 15, Blackstone St.

LLANBRADACH.—Mrs. A. Thomas, 67, School Street.

NEWSAGENT'S BONUS: Bonuses in respect of the above benefits have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

CUT HERE

J.B., 4.8.23.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS).

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate verifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 4.8.23.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve John Bull for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date ....

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING.

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line, averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 46, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A 20/- Capital and your living guaranteed. —Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 83, Houndsditch, London, E.C.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to start, useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only): list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 96, High Street, Manchester.

DRAPERS, MARKET-MEN & BEGINNERS. —If you want real value in Remnants, Cut Lengths and Ready-mades, get in touch with Levy's, Ltd., Manchester Warehousemen, 20a, Commercial Rd., London, E. Wholesale List free.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH
CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and particulars to FREEMANS, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

XMAS Chocolate Clubs.—Spare-time Agents wanted. Good remuneration. No outlay. Best makes only supplied. Particulars free.—Samuel Driver, South Market, Hunslet Lane, Leeds.

IF YOU WANT AGENTS, the kind that build for bigger and better businesses, try a little Ad. under this heading. Men who are ever on the look-out for a better opportunity or who seek to augment their income read these ads., and you will find them keenly responsive to your offer. Send your ad. to-day to the Small Advertisements Dept., John Bull, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing remittance, payable to Odhams Press Ltd., at the rate of 8/- per line of approximately 6 words, 3 lines minimum.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; free tuition; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. Send one penny stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 189, 95, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 607, 139, Strand, London, W.C.2.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary. — Write for particulars, H. Lovaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

A FACTORY IN A KITCHEN.—New fasc., well-pd, Home Industry (patented). Sipd. add. env.—England-Richards Co., 10, King's Lynn.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in 50 London and Provincial Newspapers for 2/6 (14 words), 50 papers 5/-. Write for free list.—Camden Advertising Agency (Dept. Y.), 82, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

START a profitable business of own. No risk. We supply everything. (Enc. stpd. env.)—Morse (H.K.J.), 149, Duke Street, Liverpool.

ANY ONE with a taste for lettering can earn £5 weekly at home; new profession; unlimited scope; rapid tuition; low fee.—Write, Gordon Service, 17, Bristol.

BARGAIN SALES.

NEW Costumes, Suits, Boots, Bracelet Watches, and Field Glasses for the holidays on easy terms from 1s. weekly. Price List free, home or abroad.—Masters, Ltd., Rye.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 4½d.; write for free pattern book. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Bismuth Road, Leeds.

CAMERAS by leading British makers at Bargain Prices on Easy Terms. Catalogue of full range of models post free.—J. G. GRAVES, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

GENUINE GILLETTE RAZOR, with three blades, in neat metal case, 3/6, post free.—C. Kingston, 83, Cromwell Ave., Manchester, S.W.

SPECIAL OFFER.—A collection of 100 Charming Picture Postcards of the most popular Kinema Players, beautifully printed in photogravure and artistically tinted in colours; mounted in handsome album with spaces for 100 cards, lettered on front in gold: "My Film Favourites." Price 10/6 complete and post free from "Picturegoer" Salon, 83, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING! WHY PAY SHOP PRICES? Newest Patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., Furniture, bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home in perfectly new condition. Send postcard to-day for illustrated Price Lists. Discount for cash, or by monthly instalments. Established 25 years. — Charles Riley, Desk 16, Moor Street, Birmingham.

CYCLISTS.—"Catalogue, Please," on a postcard will secure for you ABSOLUTELY FREE my Big Bargain Book. Greatest possible value. Satisfaction guaranteed. "Captain" Cycles from £5 5s., carriage paid. Tyres, 4/9. Tubes 1/-. Thousands of Accessories. It's a mighty fine list and FREE.—H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 85, Burnley.

BABY'S Long Clothes. All necessary, 20/-. Dainty and reliable. Est. 40 years.—5, Exchange Walk, Nottingham.

SHIMMY JOE!!—Latest Sensational Novelty. Very amusing. Complete, post free, 8d.—British Novelty Supply Co., Ltd., Fun Novelty Specialists, 32, Kingsland Road, London, E.2.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns direct from makers: best quality only; patterns free. —Harris Tweed, Dept. 2, James St., Stornoway.

HARRIS TWEEDS, direct from Crofters' Looms, guaranteed hand-made, fashionable shades, reduced prices. Patterns post free. —Harris Tweed Co. (Dept. 37), 13, Lombard Street, Inverness.

MUSICAL.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. Illd. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 90, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

MASSAGE Experts wanted everywhere.—Enter this profession and earn 7/6 to £1/- per hour. Full particulars, specimen Diploma free. Smee Inst., Forty-seven, F. Grove, Portsmouth.

When Feet Ache After Tennis—

ONE DIP IN THIS OXYGENATED WATER—THAT'S ALL YOU NEED

Refreshing, soothing, healing and antiseptic, its wonderful effects upon sore, tired muscles, aching bones, irritated nerves, and sensitive skin make you feel as if walking on air. Used and highly recommended by

PETER LATHAM *World's Champion at Racquets, 1887-1902 World's Champion at Tennis, 1885-1905*

Peter Latham.

Without oxygen, even life itself could not exist, and the science of medicine has perfected many uses for its wonderful refreshing, healing and antiseptic properties. When sore, tender feet burn, smart, swell and perspire, or when the arches tire and ache so every step means such pain that you fear fallen arches, just try resting the feet for a few minutes in the oxygenated and medicated water produced by adding a handful of the Reudel Bath Saltrates compound to a foot-bath. See how quickly this cools and refreshes tender skin, while it draws all the pain and soreness out of aching muscles or sensitive joints. The real and lasting foot comfort is so gratifying that no one can fully appreciate such amazing effects until they are actually felt. The feet will soon be rendered so strong and healthy that they prove capable of bearing any reasonable strain ever likely to be placed upon them.

Peter Latham, the famous Tennis Player, writes:—"Rest the feet occasionally in a bath to which a small quantity of Reudel Bath Saltrates has been added, and you will never know what it means to have tired, tender, aching feet."

NOTE.—Reudel Bath Saltrates is the registered name by which the above-mentioned compound is prescribed. All chemists keep it put up in packets of convenient sizes selling at very moderate prices. There is no other way in which to impart similar qualities to the water.

STAMPS! STAMPS! STAMPS!—The Picturegoer packets of British, Colonial and Foreign Stamps are the best value ever offered. 100 all different for 1/-; 500 ditto for 2/3, and 500 ditto (a splendid collection) for 5/-. Special packet of 50 different English stamps for 1/3. Postage paid on all packets.—PICTUREGOER Salon, 83, Long Acre, London, W.C.

CAMERAS, HIGH-GRADE.—1-plate Folding Cameras, plates or films, size 4½ × 3½. All latest improvements. 24-page self-instruction book free. £3 15s. BOX CAMERA, size 2½ × 2½, good quality achromatic lens, 12/6. Satisfaction guaranteed. — H. F. CHAINE, 45, PALATINE ROAD, DOUGLAS, I. of M.

MY FILM FAVOURITES' ALBUM, specially designed for collectors of Picture Postcards of Kinema Stars. Prices: 1/6, to hold 100 cards, 2/-, to hold 200, and 3/- to hold 300, beautifully bound. An ideal present for anyone.—Picturegoer Salon, 83, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

LIVESTOCK.

AFRICAN Grey Parrots, Amazons, Young Talking Parrots and cages, from 40/-.—Chapman's, 27, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.

ACTING for the Films.—Those desirous of becoming kinema stars should read "How to Become a Film Artiste," price 2/3, post free, from "Picturegoer" Salon, 83, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1s. 6d. for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Eldyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Colmer, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Euston Road, London, S.W.1.

THE MANUAL OF WISDOM.—Mothers and every married person should write at once for this wonderful and extremely valuable Medical Book, worth many pounds, containing good, sound advice and special information of the utmost importance. Should be in every house. Sent absolutely FREE on mentioning this paper. —Le Brasseur Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. D. B.), 93-95, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

NEW LIFE to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Pallid People. Thyroid Glandets restore youth, Energy, Vitality, Nerve force. Never fail. No drugs. Free trial p.c.—Percivals, Ltd., 67, St. Albans.

SURGICAL GOODS.—Suspensory Bandages; highly recommended for athletes, cyclists, etc. 1/6, post free; better qualities, 2/- and 4/6. Surgical goods of every description at lowest prices.—Catalogues sent post free on application to LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL MANUFACTURING CO., LTD. (Dept. B.B.), 93-95, Worcester St., Birmingham. The world's Largest Manufacturers of Surgical Appliances.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.H., Specialist (Dept. X), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Grays.

SURGICAL GOODS.—Suspensory Bandages; Elastic Hosiery, Elastic Rupture Supports and Surgical Goods of every description. Best quality only at the cheapest prices. Write for Catalogues, sent post free on application. — W. GEORGE, LTD., Dept. J., GREEN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS. — This distressing ailment in children, invalids, adults, quickly cured by "Parker's Remedy." 3/6 bil., p.f., or write for partics., "Routers," 11a, South Castle Street, Liverpool.

TOBACCO Craving Conquered in two days. New Antidote method. — Write, Yorker, 3, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Parties free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.) Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

SURGICAL Goods and Appliances.—Suspensory Bandages, 1/6, 2/6; Patent Syracuse, 4/6; Trusses, abdominal belts, enemas, elastic hosiery, and surgical rubber goods of every description; latest catalogue free. Best goods only.—J. B. Charles and Co., West Green Road, London.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance, New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (17638K), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

SURGICAL GOODS and Appliances, Belts, Trusses, Enemas and Surgical Goods of every description. Latest catalogue free. Best goods only.—RENOWN RUBBER CO. (Dept. J.), 10, ALBEMARLE ST., CLERKENWELL, LONDON.

WIND, Dizziness, Weak Nerves. Sample cure stamp.—Mr. Mrs Wilson, Herbalist, Bradford.

FREE SAMPLE.—Gold Mohur Balm, Indian Remedy for Colds, Hay Fever, Stings, Sprains, Rheumatism, etc.—Apply, Pucka, Fleet, Hants.

SURGICAL. Domestic, Rubber Goods for all purposes. Reduced prices. Write for list.—Purbide Products Co., Water Lane, Twickenham.

HAY FEVER and NASAL CATARRH positively cured by using De Winter's Catarrhal Snuff, prepared from the prescription of an eminent specialist. Post free, 1/6 per box.—THE DE WINTER CO., 48, Augusta Street, Birmingham.

SURGICAL GOODS. — Suspensory Bandages, Elastic Hosiery, Enemas, Syringes, Belts, etc. —Write for free Catalogues (Dept. B), Blake's Medical Stores, Nicholas Street, Bristol.

PRIVATE DETECTIVE.

MAUD WEST, London's Lady Detective. Investigations, delicate negotiations of any nature ably conducted. Miss West or Manager may be consulted free. Old-est. Male and Female Staff. —Albion House, 59-61, New Oxford St., W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them. 2d. post for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

HARMLESS SMOKING.—Send to-day for free sample of pure herbal smoking mixture. Cool, enjoyable, lasting. Big saving. Healthy for excessive smokers.—Anti-Nucco Co., 27, Jarvon Road, Stratford, E.15.

KEEN RAZORS.

Every man who shaves himself knows the difficulty of getting a razor into such a condition that it will shave *smoothly* and *cleanly*.

Every razor strop needs conditioning; right here lies the secret of a sharp razor. Just rub KLINCO over your strop briskly a few times, and there you are. KLINCO puts real magic into your strop. Makes razors shave. KLINCO puts an edge on your razor and eliminates half the trouble of shaving. Send P.O. for 1/3 for a cake of KLINCO. An article of real merit. —R. W. GILLEARD, 27, Grafton Street, Hull.

GRAPHOLOGY.—Scientific character readings from handwriting, 1/-. Stpd. addressed env. Theresa Collins, 42, Gwinton St., London, W.C.

FILM FAVOURITES ON POSTCARDS.—Special Packet of 60, all different, as selected by us, beautifully printed in brown photogravure; price 2/-; post free; or smaller packet of 30, all different, 1/6, post free.—Picturegoer Salon, 83, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

USE THIS FREE SERVICE.—A good Want Ad. is one that relates frankly the facts about the proposition involved. If you have an offer of merit appealing to the great buying public, have your Want-Ad. expertly written by John Bull. John Bull is bought by over 600,000 people weekly, and has an intermittent reading circulation of many times that number, to whom the classified advertiser can make his appeal. Send summary of your offer to-day to the Small Advertisement Dept., John Bull, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

£40 for a Forecast

of Best Batting Performance.

What will be the highest Single Innings Score by any Individual Batsman in Champion County *v.* Rest, to be played on September 14, 15 and 17.

Get a packet to-day of "Pinnace" Cigarettes and read the simple directions on the Coupon in each packet. Cut out the Entry Form below for this month's Competition and send it with 10 coupons from the 10 packets or 5 from the 20 packets, and post to "Pinnace" Competition Dept., 167, Strand, London, W.C. 2.

You can send in as many entries as you like, provided the necessary coupons are attached.

All paper inserts in the "Pinnace" Cigarette Packets are available as Coupons according to size. Additional Entry Forms may be obtained from Tobacconists at 2d. each.

New Competition each month.

Cash Prizes for "Forecasts"
awarded Monthly in the "Pinnace" Cigarette Sporting Competitions.

1st Prize	-	£40
2nd "	-	£30
3rd "	-	£20
4th "	-	£10
5th "	-	£5
25 Prizes		£1 each.
£130	each	month.

Result of 'PINNACE' Competition June 1923.

GENTLEMEN v. PLAYERS.

11 PRIZES OF £9 2 0 each:
Clark, Mr. W., 23, Devereux Court, Strand, W.C.
Elsdon, Mr. A. E., 43, Barking Road, E.16.
Frost, Mr. H., 17, Union Street, Bethersgh.
Glen, Mrs. S., 57, Hereford Road, Peckham.
Kelly, Mr. C., 7, High Street, Camden Town.
Rowe, Mr. Douglas, 34, Gordon Mansions, Francis Street, W.C.
May, Mr. C., 171, Victoria Road, Kilburn.
Payne, Mr. A. E., 10, Fort View Terrace, Hounslow, Easter.
Primmer, Mr. W., 7, Union Street, Bethersgh.
Thacker, Mr. F. H., 22, Station Way, Letchworth.
Voller, Mr. Chas., 4, Bedford Row, W.C. 1.

also 29 PRIZES OF £1 1 0 EACH.
Full list on application.

ENTRY FORM

Name ..... Attach Coupons here. Tobacconist's Name.....
Address ..... Address .....
AUGUST, 1923. CHAMPION COUNTY v. REST. What will highest single Innings score be by any individual batsman ?
Score .....

The forecast must reach our office not later than 31st August.
In the event of unforeseen alteration of dates, Godfrey Phillips, Ltd., reserve the right to alter the date of entry.

Pinnace
NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

Coupon with particulars in each Packet.

10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.

You are not making a sacrifice for the children when you smoke "Pinnace" Cigarettes — *THEY* get the best Pictures and *YOU* get the best Cigarettes.

IN EXCHANGE for 25 small "Pinnace" Football photos, a Cabinet photo of one of over 1,000 famous Footballers or Cricketers will be given FREE.

GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD., LONDON.

The KYNASTON METHOD

Dr. Kynaston, a fully qualified West End Specialist emphatically states that

95 %

of the operations for

'ADENOIDS' and 'TONSILS'

are totally unnecessary.

REFUSE THE KNIFE.

The Kynaston Method is carried out at home for **CATARRH** his treatment is a certain remedy. Equally successful with both ADULTS and CHILDREN. The Institute with a qualified British Doctor at its head.

Write (enclosing 2d. stamp) or call:
Medical Director,
THE KYNASTON INSTITUTE,
Sicilian House, Southampton Row (Kingsway end), W.C. 1.
'Phone—Museum 311

For Fivepence a Day, You Ride as you Pay For the "World's Best" Bicycle

The SWIFT

Prices from 12/6 per month or from £8:8:0 cash.

Write for fuller particulars and Illustrated Catalogue to Dept. A,
SWIFT OF COVENTRY LTD., COVENTRY,
or 4a Dept. A
with Showrooms and Repair Depot, 132, Long Acre, LONDON, W.C. 2.

VARICOSE VEIN VICTIMS

Varicose Veins need no longer be a permanent disability. Elasto is a new and wonderful treatment which has met with the fullest success, even in chronic and long-standing cases.

Absolutely FREE Test

Elasto TABLETS

Write for free test and particulars of No Cure, No Pay (refer to: Bank of New South Wales, Piccadilly, W.) (Dept. E. 19), Good Hope Chambers, Fishers Street, London, E.C.3.

No Money or Stamps to send

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

The Standard Remedy For Over 50 Years

VOL. XXXIV. No. 836.
Week ending Saturday, Aug. 4, 1923. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telegrams: Gerrard 4616
Telegrams: Heroically, London

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Figures Talk!
While Britain has received only £5,690,000 in Reparations, Belgium has received £72,000,000. We're the champion philanthropists of the world!

The Paper Flood.
Meanwhile Germany continues to flood the country with paper marks which now total 25,491,738 millions. Those Junkers are still cheating us.

France's Mistake.
The great mistake French people and public men make is in thinking that the Rothermere papers are a sound reflex of British opinion. Realisation of the truth would bring a change of policy.

Poincare May Go.
Don't run away with the impression that all French folk approve of Poincaré's handling of the Ruhr question. One of these days there will be an upheaval that will surprise even Poincaré.

The Truth.
The time has come for plain words. The real basis of the Ruhr deadlock is the struggle between M. Schneider, of the Creusot works, and Herr Stinnes for the control of the European steel industry. Now, Mr. Baldwin, *get busy.*

Humbugging Hypocrisy.
An American paper says it is time the Ruhr question was settled, and bitterly attacks Britain. Then why doesn't America *do* something instead of just sitting tight and taking our money?

Beyond a Joke.
With one official for every twenty-eight fighting sailors the Admiralty must be the most extravagant Government department. It's indefensible.

Colossal Folly.
Since the Armistice Britain has spent on armaments no less than £1,200,000,000. Meanwhile education, housing, social reform are all going by the board. And they call it civilisation!

All Preventable.
Overcrowding—which means lack of proper houses—is stated by the President of the British Medical Association to be the cause of the diseases that are sweeping the country. The Government bear a heavy responsibility.

A Dangerous Position.
Leaders of industry are seriously alarmed at the results of the country's financial policy and are demanding an inquiry. It is scandalous that half a dozen bankers should have the power to manipulate Britain's trade at will.

Barefaced Impudence.
The farmers say that unless they get protection the wage of 25s. a week will have to be reduced. For sheer cheek this takes the biscuit.

Unworthy.
The least worthy part of the "Worthy" puffs for the Press is that a scapegoat should be made of the subordinate responsible. He was only following precedent. The system's wrong.

An Obsolete Law.
It is time the absurd speed limit of twenty miles an hour was abolished. Everybody disregards it. The only way to make the roads safe is to take away the licences of dangerous drivers.

The Mean Ministry.
In twelve months 168,500 ex-Servicemen have been deprived of pensions, and 181,000 paid off with a small allowance. That the Ministry has saved £8,844,754 in a year is not a boast but a confession.

A Crying Scandal.
The Pensions Ministers some weeks ago promised that pensions should be granted irrespective of any wages that might be earned. That promise has been broken wholesale. We await the explanation with interest.

Prices Must Fall.
This winter milk must be cheaper than 8d. a quart. A shilling a gallon for distribution is too much. If the dairymen are obdurate the Board of Trade must act.

'Ware Food Sharks!
Forecasts continue to predict a world surplus of wheat, with prices below pre-war. We shall have to keep our eye on the financiers who specialise in cornering wheat.

They've a Nerve!
America proposes to extend the "dry" limit to twelve miles from her coast. If the British Government consents to this crazy crankdom they deserve kicking.

"Grandmother" Relents.
The Government are contemplating a Bill next year to permit tobacco to be sold up to ten o'clock. Some day we may be able to call this a free country once more.

Folly Upon Folly.
On top of all the other industrial unrest the spinners are now on strike. It's becoming a positive epidemic, and needs a remedy.

Rapid Recovery.
Congratulations to Major Cayzer on one of the most rapid recoveries on record. When Colonel Leslie Wilson needed a safe seat the gallant Major found his health so bad that he had to retire. Now that Colonel Wilson surrenders the seat there is an equally speedy recovery. What a farce.

Why Only London?
The London County Council is already preparing big schemes to find work for the unemployed next winter. It needs doing all over the country—and on a large scale.

The Blunderers.
It is a grave error to leave the efforts at conciliation in Egypt in the hands of those who were responsible for the repression. No wonder Egyptian unrest is increasing again.

Off We Go Again!
The Singapore naval base is not directed against Japan. Oh no! But Japan thinks it is. And so begins a new circle of suspicion, preparation competition and—war.

Is it Mutiny?
We invite the Government to tell the country frankly just what is happening in India. Another mutiny is imminent, and the military preparations call for instant explanation.

Dangerous Interference.
We do not like the proposals of the Select Committee to interfere with the liberty of the Press in divorce reports. If newspapers overstep the bounds of decency there is always a legal remedy.

Thank Goodness!
Simpler Income Tax Forms are to be instituted—in 1925. Still, they're coming. And then, perhaps, some of the unnecessary officials will be going.

End the Cruelty.
In 40 per cent. of the mines pit ponies work double shifts—a fourteen-hour day. Parliament must end this abuse.

The Limit.
By selling names and addresses to company promoters, the organisers of the Golden Ballot have been guilty of a gross breach of faith. We hope they feel thoroughly ashamed of themselves.

An Old Grievance.
The Recorder has made some caustic comments on the careless way registered letters are treated by the P.O. Improvement is long overdue.

Some Generosity!
At last season tickets have been reduced on the Southern Railway—by a penny a week! No wonder railwaymen's wages have to be reduced when such extravagance prevails.

Paying For It.
Messrs. Bevin and Gosling are only reaping where they have sown. Had they not encouraged the activity of the "Reds" inside the unions they would not have had this nasty rebuff.

Why?
In spite of a big drop in the price of petrol, 'bus and taxi fares are not to be reduced. This is blatant profiteering.

Let's Hope So.
Mr. Cyril Lloyd, M.P., says that trade recovery will come this year. We sincerely hope he's right . . . and the substitution of business methods for political moralising would help a lot.

We're Not Surprised.
Mr. Ramsay Macdonald has declined to become an honorary president of the League of Nations Union. Doubtless the Leader of the Labour Party thinks his time better occupied in dealing with *serious* matters.

One of "John Bull's" Boys.

Hats off to little Willie Thomas, of Mardy, Glamorgan, who has proved himself a real "John Bull's" boy. Three days in succession he risked his life descending a mountain crevice fifty feet deep down which a dog had fallen, and managed at the third attempt to rescue the animal. What a man he will make.

Brotherly Love.

His younger brother being drowned in the River Rother, at Woodhouse Mill, near Sheffield, Harry Hull, a miner's son, dived for two and a half hours to find him in the water. When dragging operations were unsuccessful, Harry, after an all-night vigil on the river bank, personally recovered the body and carried it to his sadly bereaved home. A greater love one brother never had for another.

Smuggling Up to Date.

When the German steamer "Elbe" arrived at Liverpool from Hamburg, bottles of brandy were found suspended singly from a rope behind the wood lining in the forecastle. This system of smuggling goods into this country is one of several practised by German seamen, and cost Schulz, the Hun, over £34. It might pay searchers for indecent pictures smuggled from Germany to look behind the forecastle wood lining.

Pauperising the Unborn.

A wounded ex-Service man living with his wife and child at Dunstable applied to the Relieving Officer for assistance, as another baby was expected. All this Poor Law official would do was to invite the family into the workhouse. Such a proceeding appears to us as uneconomical as it is inhuman. Why put the ratepayers to the heavy expense of maintenance and brand the unborn babe with the stain of the workhouse when a little outdoor relief would suffice?

A Land Fit for Heroes, etc.!

The N.S.P.C.C. reports that thirteen families with fifty-seven children are living in the Guildford district in tents made of sacks. Some of these "homes of England" are five feet high and five feet wide, and a father, mother, and seven children live in one of them. And as there are no houses for these people, and as they are continually being moved on, these sack dwellings are taken down in one place, and set up in another. Poor devils! Meanwhile the building rings are doing *very* well.

Impudence Personified.

The four unfortunate illegitimate kiddies of the woman he had lived with at West Hartlepool possibly saved Arthur Hudson, a boiler-maker, on strike, from jail. He had cruelly left his legal wife to starve, and when the Law moved against him, he impudently wrote to the Scarborough Bench that he got better food inside than outside jail, and was paid for the work he did. Hudson has been placed on his honour to pay up, and if he fails, he may find out also that in jail there are no boilermakers' strikes.

Making Old Age Happy.

Mr. John Wooster, of Ealing, has done good by stealth, but need not blush to find it fame. It has just come to light that in the evening of his days he has provided a home for five women old age pensioners who live in communal happiness in a pretty little villa at Chiswick, occupying separate rooms for which they pay 1s. a week, and sharing the work of the house. Knowing as we do of so many tragedies of poverty-stricken old age, we wish with all our heart that there were more like him.

An "Unwanted" Child.

Maud Hughes, a pretty little eleven-year-old girl, was an "unwanted" child. Her stepfather, Reuben Hefferd, systematically ill-treated her, making her a household drudge. He beat her brutally with a belt studded with brass buttons because she did not make tea quickly enough, and her poor little body was a mass of bruises. Mr. Boyd, the West London Magistrate, sentenced him to six months' hard labour, remarking that it was the severest punishment the law allowed. It is a pity the magistrate did not commit the brute for trial. He might then have got two years.

Death on Neville's Doorstep.

The Medical Officer for Health for Birmingham has reported an infantile death rate of 92 per 1,000 in the Ladywood Ward, in the Constituency of the Minister of Health. The death-rate in another Ward was 54 per 1,000. Needless to say, it is in Ladywood that the poor live—or die.

A Plucky Little Woman.

Maggie Harris, of Belfast, deserves to be called a plucky little woman, though she is only ten years old. When her little brother fell into the deep part of a dam she at once jumped after him, though she could not swim a stroke, and managed to bring him safely to the bank. What an example for the craven cads we so often have to castigate for standing on canal banks and watching children drown!

Dangerous Delays.

A case at Salford has proved that the Ministry of Labour needs to be overhauled. Five months after the date of an alleged offence, its officials brought a serious charge against a ship's rigger. This might have been an awkward matter for the man had it not been proved that a clerical mistake had occurred. These mistakes ought not to be made, nor should there be such unnecessary and dangerous delays.

Midnight by the Seaside.

Midnight paddling on the seashore may be romantic, but it is dangerous at Rhyl with rascals like Robert Parry, of Vale Road, at large. He crouched by a wall whilst a young woman washed sand from her feet in the sea, and as she left the water suddenly sprang at her and caught her by the neck. An atrocious offence for which a 7s. 6d. fine was no adequate punishment, even though girls court trouble when they go alone to the sands and the water at midnight.

Mother at Fourteen.

Words fail us when we try to describe the conduct of Frederick Knight, a married labourer, thirty years of age, who was sentenced at the Sussex Assizes to eighteen months' hard labour for an offence against a fourteen-year-old Brighton schoolgirl, who has already become a mother. Mr. Justice Avory said it was about as bad a case of the sort as could be imagined. If there is any crime for which flogging should be prescribed, it is surely this.

Leniency in Lancashire.

Entering his cowhouse with the exclamation "My God, I've never been so drunk in my life," John Threfall, of Highgate Farm, Stalmine, seized a milking-stool and attacked a cow with such ferocity that both its horns were knocked off and its head reduced to pulp. The Garstang Magistrates declared that the case was one of the worst that had ever come before them. Then why, in the name of all humanity, did they let the brute off with twenty-eight days' hard labour when they had it in their power to award him three months?

From Cottage to Loft.

When William Webster, a Bramcote gamekeeper, asked the magistrates at Nottingham Shire Hall to suspend an ejectment order, he explained that the only alternative accommodation he had in view was a loft over a cowshed. It had no windows, but the holes in the walls and beneath the door, made by rats, would provide ample ventilation. Saying they thought the loft could be made habitable for Webster and his wife and eight young children, they ordered him to quit his cottage. Nottingham may have been "Merrie England" in the days of Robin Hood, but it is not now.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN.

Whilst away on holiday, the JOHN BULL Free Home Insurance Gift covers you against accidents and also against material damage to luggage to the value of £20. This applies whether you stay at an hotel, boarding house, or apartments. The only necessary conditions are that you must be a registered reader and you must show that you purchased the paper regularly while away. Don't forget your JOHN BULL on your Holidays.

Healthy Appetites.

Free meals are supplied to the 113 Councillors of the Glasgow Corporation in the City Chambers. With the officials, they last year consumed food to the value of £4,686. Not bad going.

Lancashire's Shame.

Some sort of inquiry is necessary into the facilities for housing dead bodies prior to inquests in Lancashire. Mortuaries are very rare and in most cases dead bodies have to be kept in public-houses or stables. This is not merely undignified; it is positively dangerous.

From Iceland to Darkness.

Some 229 poor ponies, brought from Iceland, are doomed to the horrors of existence in the dark depths of Yorkshire coal mines unless the State intervenes. Revelations of what this means to ponies have recently been made, and there is no reason at all why Parliament should not compel mine-owners to adopt mechanical haulage. Humanity demands it should be done.

Slaughter-house Children.

All that Canon Macleod says being true, Wakefield badly needs an improved slaughter-house and a City Council endowed with common sense. Children, he says, often go to the slaughter-house and look on while animals are put to death. And animals awaiting slaughter stand with a full view of what is being done to others. The inhumanity of it all!

Killed by a Letter.

Until a few weeks ago, Charles Swainson, of Mille, had lived very happily with his wife and four young children. Then some cowardly, wicked fool sent an anonymous letter, which caused him deep depression. A week later, his wife found that he had cut his throat, after seriously wounding his five-year-old daughter. The anonymous writer is thus responsible for a tragedy for which he deserves to be tortured by his conscience for the rest of his life. And we hope he will be.

A "Religious" Rotter.

When James Leyland, of Reedley, Nelson, was charged with an offence against a young girl in the local park, it was claimed that he was "an excellent Christian worker." Leyland, a man of 56, expressed regret at the "incident." He was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and other religious workers present at the trial were much affected. Sympathy is misguided when directed to such a creature, and the three months were richly deserved.

Pity the Little Children.

Gorton, a suburb of Manchester, will go down in history as the district that has no love for little children and abominates their prattle and play. Mrs. Bull, of Mount Road, is the mother of eight. "Little pests," one of the residents describes them. Another suggests it must be dreadful to live next door to so many. More humane and nearer the truth was Judge Mellor, when he said children were "little pets." Pity 'tis he had to make an order which may render the children homeless.

Thank You for Nothing!

Mr. Brown, a master baker of Ayr, lost a wallet containing £2,000 in Scottish banknotes while motoring from Perth to Crieff. We can understand with what feelings of relief he learned that it had been found by Mr. Peter Maclaren, a Perth photographer, and handed to the police. We can also understand with what feelings of disgust and contempt Mr. Maclaren learned that the sum of ten shillings had been left at the police station for the finder, and why he said "No, thanks!"

A New Spanish Swindle.

The Spanish prisoner swindle being nearly played out, certain enterprising gentry in the land of castles and cadgers are turning their attention to other possible sources of revenue. Senor Louis, of Calle Ferrandez 32, Malaga, Spain, for instance, asks for five shillings for particulars of a get-rich-quick scheme, which he says has been approved by the daily newspapers in which it advertised. We find, as we expected, that the assertion is—whatever is Spanish for a lurid lie. We imagine few people will be foolish enough to send money to Senor Louis.

Who is He?

A Birmingham panel doctor who failed to render proper treatment to an insured person will have £22 10s. deducted from his remuneration by the Ministry of Health. The punishment suits the offence, but a lot more good might have been done by publishing the offender's name in the Press reports. Why was it suppressed?

Ungodly Norwich!

"We have not seen so much drunkenness and sin all the way between Bradford and here as we have seen in one night in Norwich," said a member of the Church Army marching crusaders after staying in the city. And very likely the people of Norwich had the nerve to retort that they never thought there were such funny-looking things till the Crusaders came to town!

Wolf! Wolf!

When Charles Weedon of Hackney was drowned in Crab-trap Creek, near Hadleigh, Essex, three persons stood on the bank and heard his cry for help without answering it. It was revealed at the inquest that Weedon had shouted out in a similar way before, and the three onlookers at his death thought he was bluffing. A tragic example of the folly of playing such jokes.

Sold for a Song.

No aspiring author of popular songs need fear that his work will not be published. The Kingsway Publishing Company offered to publish a song by Mr. E. Stephenson if he would buy 140 copies for £10 10s., the cost price of over 3,000 copies. H. & R. Miller, of Anerley, were prepared to publish another song if the author would buy 200 copies for £5—the cost price of nearly 2,000 copies. Result: If the author buys, he is sold.

Barmouth Bigots.

How the goody-goodies of Barmouth love their Sunday misery. A circus, which is to add to the town's gaiety next month, has been solemnly warned that it must not enter Barmouth on the Sabbath day, and an alert inspector has paved the way for a further display of the Council's narrow spirit by reporting that there is still Sunday boating in the estuary. When birds are barred from singing on the Sabbath in the district, the members of the Council will be fully qualified for leather medals.

Smother Your Grandmother!

At the Guild of Health Conference, at Oxford, the Rev. Harold Anson commented on "the immense number of purely useless and not even ornamental people who are carefully protected by excellent doctors employed in keeping men and women of seventy alive until they were eighty," expressing the opinion that "that skill and money could be used in giving proper education to children." A more astounding declaration from a clergyman we have never heard. This parson would apparently have us smother our grandfathers and grandmothers!

Pity the Poor Conductors!

Glasgow Corporation recently decided to allow children under fourteen to travel any distance on the tramcars for a penny fare during certain hours. In less than a month over two hundred conductors have been suspended with the loss of a day's pay for issuing such tickets a minute or so before or after the stipulated hours or to children slightly over the age limit. Unless conductors are provided with expensive chronometers and authorised to demand birth certificates such mistakes are unavoidable, and to penalise the men in this fashion is most unjust.

Blanks in the Prize List.

As the Lords of the Admiralty apparently have so much prize money in hand that they are about to make a third distribution, we should like to ask why officers and men who risked their lives under the White Ensign in fully-commissioned ships, such as "Fleet Messengers," should be debarred from participating on the ground that such vessels were only "defensively" armed. Surely those who shared the dangers of the Fleet and carried out duties which led to the capture or destruction of enemy vessels should share equally in the rewards of service.

Live Wires.

Southwark Borough Council, by making a profit of £16,565 on its electricity undertaking during the past year, is able to make a reduction of £10,000 on the rates. Other councils, please copy!

Children in Danger.

The danger of spreading disease among children by the redistribution of second-hand school books is much greater than is generally realised, books being, in some cases, in such a filthy state that they had to be burned, and had only come into the possession of patients some days before sickness attacked the household. The Education Authorities must lose no time in dealing with the matter.

Ninepence for Nothing.

Here is a puzzle for the Postmaster-General. A letter addressed to Jaffa, Palestine, handed in at a post office in England with the full Air Rate of ninepence paid, reaches Paris in record time and then meanders by some devious route to its destination, taking over twelve days in transit. An ordinary letter bearing a twopenny stamp, dropped in a London pillar-box, is delivered in Jaffa within eight days. What is the ninepence for?

Our Friend Wilhelm!

It is something new to find the *New York American*—owned by William Randolph Hearst—praising England. "England is emphatically right," says Hearst of our Ruhr policy. Commendation from such a hater of Britain startled us indeed until we remembered that Hearst is not so much concerned with praising England as with siding with Germany. The newspaper owner of New York is as pro German to-day as when he endeavoured to get America to enter the war against us.

THE WISH TO HUMILIATE

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A GOOD rule for the wise regulation of human intercourse is this: Never try to make another person feel his inferiority.

It is a rule too seldom observed. On the contrary many of us take pleasure in doing the opposite.

No matter how humble the circle in which we move we like to impress our neighbours. We either display our possessions, position, and accomplishments to the despite of theirs, or we undervalue theirs to the advantage of ours.

Bitter envy sometimes breaks up old friendships. It is not always easy to rejoice in a success we cannot share.

Many an incurable family quarrel has no other origin than the inability of one party to view with equanimity a rise in fortune over which another is inclined to give itself airs.

Poor human nature can be very silly in these respects and very self-tormenting, too.

It is always a false policy to aim at making a fellow-creature look small however much he may deserve it; you only awaken his ill-will.

To take a man down a peg, as the saying goes, generally has the effect of making him hate you.

Even when he has done you an injury it is seldom worth while to compel him to acknowledge it.

He is far more likely to wish to make amends if you refrain from attempting to lower him in his own esteem.

To avoid treating a wrong-doer with contempt is far from being the same thing as to flatter him.

Dismiss resentment from your own heart, assume—what is, indeed, the truth—that he is better than his deeds, respect his self-respect, and things will usually right themselves between you.

Nothing is more futile than the endeavour to induce other people to acknowledge that you stand above them in any way.

The less you assert it the more will they concede it.

A Distinguished Advocate.

Poor Pussyfoot continues to get hard knocks. Lord Dawson says that beer makes a man happy and that alcohol is a necessity. Dear, dear! Being a crank must be a hard life!

Mr. Post Office Profiteer!

During the past year the Post Office has made the huge profit of five million pounds. As there is no reason for the Government making these huge profits out of the public unless public good is to result, the Postmaster-General should not go out of his way to find excuses for not bringing in the Penny Post again. Profits from public services belong to the public.

Not so Decadent After All.

British sportsmen are beginning to win back for us the honours in the athletic world which, thanks to the ravages of war, slipped out of our hands during the years of recovery. The retaining of the Amateur Golf Championship, the splendid recapture of the "Open" by A. G. Havers, the victory of Oxford and Cambridge over the Americans at Wembly, and the recent win in the fencing matches, are a few of the achievements that are keeping the croakers quiet.

No Experiments Please!

The Preston Education Committee propose to charge parents 1s. for three months' medical treatment for minor ailments of their children after the first fortnight, which will be free. Operations for tonsils and adenoids will be charged at 5s. for each case, while complete dental treatment will be 1s. Not very costly, certainly, but there must be some definite assurance that the treatment is first-rate and that the children will not be experimented upon.

Let There Be Light.

The new president of the B.M.A., Dr. C. P. Chile, pointed out in his inaugural address that four out of the five enteric scourges which afflict us, viz., cancer, tuberculosis, venereal disease, and alcoholism, are largely attributable to the working classes living in sunless abodes. Tuberculosis and rickets did not appear in the cramped crofter's cottage because the children played in the fresh air. Sun and air are given free to all, and yet the people perish for lack of both. The pity and the shame of it!

A Monstrous Injustice.

When Sergt. William Jacobs, of the R.A.S.C., was charged at Colchester, the big-wigs of the local Bench refused to permit his officer to give evidence in his favour because he had been in court during the hearing of the case, and passed sentence of a month's imprisonment. Sir Richard Muir, the Recorder, in quashing the sentence on appeal, said that to prevent an officer in H.M.'s Army from giving evidence in such circumstances was a perfectly monstrous ruling which was not creditable to the administration of justice in the borough. We need say no more.

Merchant Service Meanness.

Since we drew attention to the scandal of the employment of third officers in the Mercantile Marine at approximately a shilling an hour, we learn that many owners have carried their cheeseparing further and abolished this grade altogether, saving their pay at the expense of the two senior officers, who have in consequence to keep a twelve-hour watch. In many instances similar tactics are being followed with the engine room staffs. Must we wait for a terrible catastrophe at sea due to understaffing and overworking before the authorities take action?

A Rogue Misusing a Good Name.

Sir William Fry, Knt., D.L., of Dublin, has written to us disclaiming all knowledge of the Mission of Hope, for which that arch-rogue Walter Blackburn is soliciting subscriptions. Sir William declares that he has never given permission for his name to be used in connection with the concern, and, as might be expected after our revelations, he is at once taking steps to see that his name is removed from the list of vice-presidents. His disclaimer affords further evidence of the unscrupulous methods of Blackburn, who does not hesitate to misuse a good name.

A Phantom Film

THE proverbial association of pearls with tears has been brought home in a painful fashion to a number of deluded people who entrusted money to a movie mug-hunter named Leonard Tremayne, who some time ago established himself as "The T. and V. Film Company" at Alladin House, Green Street, Leicester Square, London, W.C.

This plausible adventurer on the driftweed-encumbered sea of film production induced a large number of aspirants to screen fame to invest money to provide capital for the taking of a wonderful film which was to be called "The Cranby Pearls." They were promised engagements at salaries varying from £1 1s. to £2 2s. a day. The question of acting talent does not appear to have been taken into consideration in fixing the amount of these salaries, which were regulated solely by the sums invested.

The fame these would-be screen artists longed for proved very elusive. One man invested £50 in April, 1922. Others were being induced to invest in August, but the production of the film was still as remote as ever. Some sort of attempt at a commencement seems to have been made, for some of the investors were called upon to attend a cinema studio at Walthamstow as early as May, 1922, but something always supervened to prevent progress and nothing effective was done.

One excuse for postponement of which Tremayne made a great deal of use was that a robbery had taken place at the studio. Whether the thieves stole "The Cranby Pearls" or not was not made clear, but at all events the jewels have never seen the light of the screen.

Among the things which have undoubtedly vanished are the sums invested by Tremayne's dupes, and Tremayne himself has disappeared from Alladin House.

There are several cases of hardship which make the fraud a particularly cruel one.

A lady who borrowed £25 and handed it over to Tremayne in August, 1922, was assured that the production would be started within three weeks and that she would be given a part. When she wrote in March last asking for the return of her money her letter was returned through the dead letter department.

Another invited Tremayne and his wife to her home, and was asked by the latter for the loan of a £5 note. She lent her £1 which she could ill spare, and is still mourning the loss of that as well as her investment of £25. A third case is that of a Canadian soldier, who was induced to part with £50 which he had saved to make a home for his wife and settle down in England. Now he is unable to get back to Canada.

The law should be strengthened against such harpies as Leonard Tremayne.

Gambling with Public Money

Many a man has asked himself how he can make betting pay. It appears that the police have found a solution to this pressing question. But, as usual, it is the harassed taxpayer who eventually foots the bill.

IT would be hard to find a more astounding combination of Hypocrisy in High Places with shameful waste of public money than is provided by the attitude of our Bureaucrats towards the question of Betting on Horse races.

The Prime Minister has made it clear that he favours the taxation of betting with its implied recognition of this form of gambling as a legitimate public amusement, and the Government of which he is the head is all but committed to the principle of taxation and recognition of bookmakers.

A Committee of the House of Commons is sitting at the public expense to conduct an inquiry into the question, and some of the methods of that body are bordering on the farcical, or at least would be farcical were it not for the more serious question raised by the scandalous waste of public money involved in keeping the Committee sitting to hear "piffling" evidence which has to be taken down and printed for circulation at the public expense, though the greater part of it has absolutely no bearing on the matter before the Committee.

If that were the sum total of official folly in regard to the Betting Tax suggestion it might be passed over, bad as it is, but officialdom has gone one better, or worse, or it has selected the present moment for launching a big offensive against the bookmakers, and is actually making use of facts furnished by bookmakers who have given evidence before the Committee.

Somebody in authority has taken it upon himself to circulate confidentially for the guidance of the police throughout the country copies of evidence likely to provide hints as to means of trapping bookmakers, and this lead has been followed in all parts of the country by an outbreak of fresh energy on the part of the police who lay traps for bookmakers.

In the past few weeks the number of men told off for this duty has more than doubled in the London area, and reports reaching the Home Office suggest that there is a similar increase of activity in the provinces. Not only that, but there is a revival of the scandalous system of telling off men in plain clothes to make bets with the taxpayers' money. The expenses accounts of a number of men told off for this duty in the London area show that these men have been betting regularly every racing day since the opening of the flat season, placing as many as four bets in a day with different bookmakers whom they wanted to trap.

The weekly cost to the country over losing bets per man engaged ranges from 7s. 6d. to 36s., and it is easy to see that if this practice is continued the annual bill is going to cost taxpayers a big sum. The Chief Constable of Sheffield told the Commons Committee that policemen were only human in the matter of betting, and it is not, therefore, surprising that these state-subsidised punters should have the ordinary human liking for spotting winners. The accounts examined by the writer show that the police punters have a fair share of luck in their official winner-finding duty, and it might be expected that officialdom would see to it that the losses were made good out of the winning bets. That, however, is where hypocrisy in high places is revealed at its worst. "Gambling," says the Bureaucrat, "is a terrible crime. We don't mind providing the money to back losers in order to trap those taking part in gambling, but we could not dream of touching the unclean cash represented by winnings. What becomes of it we do not know or do not care, but it must not find its way to the national purse, not even to the extent of making good what is lost."

That being the official attitude, it is not surprising that the plain clothes men engaged on the duty should be ready to relieve the bureaucrats of their embarrassment by seeing that the receipts from winning bets are "sunk without trace."

There are men in the police force to-day who are to all intents and purposes professional gamblers. They make bets regularly from day to day, sometimes winning, sometimes losing, but they differ from the ordinary professional in that their losses do not cost them a penny, for they have only to return them as "expenses." Their winnings they pocket. Is it surprising that there should be keenness on the part of the police force to be put on this duty? Hardly, when the men are being told daily of the nice little extras made in winning bets on the duty. Some men make more than their pay in this way.

And there is another and a more sinister aspect of the case. It is known that certain black sheep in the Force levy tribute from street bookmakers and even from some of the starting price offices indulging in "ready money" betting. It is only because they are told off for the duty of watching bookmakers that these men are in a position to bring discredit on the Force.

After all, policemen *are* only human, and the percentage of "crooks" among them are not slow to seize the opportunities that come their way.

Who Let the Traitor In?

EITHER someone has blundered or the watch for Houston Chamberlain, the renegade who served the Kaiser during the war by reviling Britain and everything British, has not been as strict as it should have been.

Despite the repeated warnings given in JOHN BULL that Chamberlain intended to visit this country again, he has been allowed not only to enter, but actually to depart again unmolested. He was here from July 8th to July 14th, five days being spent in London and one day at Cheltenham.

In the course of his visit he had three interviews with a solicitor. His object in coming here was partly to see what the solicitor could do in regard to property of his, and partly to find out what sort of welcome he would receive if he returned.

He discovered that the solicitor he relied on was not so complacent as expected, and his enquiries among former friends made it clear to him that he would run the danger of rough handling from private individuals as soon as it leaked out that he was back. He learned also that there are still former prisoners of war who remember his visits to the prison camps, his attempts to corrupt them, and the punishment meted out to them after they had told Chamberlain what they thought of him.

According to Chamberlain's own story, told to the solicitor whom he consulted, he had the fright of his life when, in spite of his disguise, he was recognised by a former prisoner. This man had taxed him openly with being the arch renegade. Chamberlain had denied his identity.

The solicitor concerned was under the impression that Chamberlain had permission to be in this country, and the traitor was at first careful to encourage that belief.

He was at pains to hide his actual address in London, making all appointments at the office of the solicitor, and apparently changing his hotel frequently.

He used a number of names in travelling, some of them being Hawley Chambers, Stewart Hawley, Rupert Smart and William Landon. In most cases he passed as an American citizen, and described himself as a newspaper correspondent studying economic conditions.

The object of his Cheltenham visit was to see an influential friend of the family relative to interceding for the resumption of British citizenship with the prospect of a free pardon should he surrender himself to justice. On the 14th of July he travelled by the Harwich-Hook of Holland route back to his beloved Germany.

It is obvious from this latest incident that the passport system is not as perfect as its apologists claim, and it is clear also that there must be laxity somewhere when a man like Chamberlain can return at will.

Houston Chamberlain's record as a traitor to his country is well known to the authorities. It was for them to see that a creature like this should be refused admission to England.

Who let him in?

Fishy Tales for Simple Souls

Yearly by year tens of thousands of people in this country are robbed and ruined by unscrupulous rascals who trade on their knowledge of how to evade our antiquated company laws. This article gives some striking instances of their methods and shows how when they come within the law they are sometimes successful in evading arrest. We demand that the law be widened without delay.

WHEN a warrant is issued for the arrest of a defaulting financier who has left behind him a trail of wreckage and ruin, whose business is it to see that this warrant is executed?

It does not appear to be anybody's business in particular, and the scandal of unexecuted warrants is one of the most alarming symptoms of grave disorder in the commercial and industrial system of this country.

* * *

What about John Galbraith, of the London and Geneva Exchange, Shoe Lane, E.C.? A warrant was issued against this man respecting extensive frauds carried out upon poor people up and down the country whom he induced to embark upon combined operations in foreign rates of exchange. According to his mug-catching scheme, an investment of twenty pounds would bring the investor something like eight hundred pounds.

It may be that only a very simple-minded or a very greedy person would follow such a bait. But that is no reason why this rogue should be permitted to decamp without answering the charge that he has stolen other people's money. In his case the warrant was issued over a year ago, and although two other men have been charged and dealt with in connection with the part they played in this swindle, the man Galbraith is still at large.

* * *

There are many others who have distinguished themselves by evading a police warrant for over twelve months. One of them is Mr. F. W. Skelton, who ran an office in Temple Chambers, E.C. He raised considerable sums of money from people to whom he told the tale that he was shortly to come into a large fortune. He is wanted by the police on a charge of obtaining money by false pretences. He has never been found. The fortune Skelton came into he got out of his dupes, who look pathetically to the police for the help which is not forthcoming.

* * *

It is, unfortunately, very easy to swindle people out of money under our obsolete and inefficient company laws, and there is a whole brigade of sharks who know this, and who live on it in luxury until they overstep the mark and a warrant is issued for their arrest. Then they skip the country, and the authorities carefully preserve the warrant in one of the myriad pigeon-holes at Scotland Yard.

Swindling company promoters find their victims amongst innocent and hard-working folk who have scraped together a little money, often as the result of a lifetime of painful endeavour. They do not understand the intricacies of company law, but they are impressed by the statement that a company is registered at Somerset House and that its liability is strictly limited.

When they see on the prospectus the names of peers and high personages the illusion of security is completed. They do not know that a man may be an undischarged bankrupt or even a much-convicted rogue and is nevertheless entitled to walk into Somerset House and register a company. It may be the most glaring and palpable booby-trap. But if the fees are paid and the statutory declarations made, Somerset House has no option but to register the company.

* * *

Many people imagine that these companies come into being under the approving and paternal eye of a benevolent Government. As a matter of fact, dud companies can be bought in the City for three a penny. Mr. Edwin Alexander Enever thoroughly understood this fact. This person lived in great style in a swagger flat in Knightsbridge. His wines and cigars were of the highest quality. His clothing was the most costly and his motor-cars the most impressive. He moved in this atmosphere of luxury, not by hard and successful work, but by naked plunder.

* * *

He found a company called Humphrey and Denman, Limited, originally formed and registered at Somerset House to deal in vegetables. It never did any business. It was dying of inanition when Enever got wind of it and came along. He got control of the concern by taking over the only two shares for which real money had been subscribed.

In the hands of this unscrupulous rascal this derelict vegetable concern, which had never sold even a potato, became a gilded booby-trap! It started dealing in gold mines in China. It was to acquire other subsidiary companies, which were in turn to acquire and work other subsidiary mines.

* * *

The mines were not there, any more than the original vegetables. That did not matter to Enever. He compensated for the absence of mines by the lavish promise of dividends.

Enever, while waiting for the mines to grow, lived at the rate of £10,000 a year—a fairly lavish scale for an undischarged bankrupt!

He is now doing three years' penal servitude. He did not restrict his activities to anything in particular. He even proposed to float a company for driving machinery by sun-power. That was, perhaps, his little joke. He had, no doubt, read Dean Swift's sarcastic proposal to extract sunlight from cucumbers.

The law is obviously an ass, when such things can happen without any subsequent prosecution as what recently happened in connection with the Mutual Thrift Society. This society has gone into liquidation. It lent £20,000 to a local seedsman without any security, except shares in the business of the seedsman which was floated as a company, and went into liquidation. The loss in this scandalous and unthrifty procedure had to be borne by the poor investors.

* * *

Many of these limited thrift and friendly societies collect money from the poor. Their agents take weekly deposits, pocketing 50 per cent. of the first four payments as commission, and 10 per cent. of subsequent payments. How concerns run in this extravagant way can offer 7½ per cent. interest to depositors is one of those things no genuine financier can understand.

The Yorkshire Mutual Benefit Co., Ltd., is a concern which illustrates the dangers to investors who are imposed upon by specious claptrap about thrift and frugality and democratic banking. It is run from 3, Bower Road, Harrogate. Numbers of people invested their hard-earned savings in it.

Now they are told that they can exchange their savings for share certificates in the company. If they do that they will have lost the right to get their money back, and will have in exchange shares in a company which is run by Mr. Harry B. Shepherd, who has been associated with quite a number of bubble thrift societies. He was secretary of between forty and fifty money societies which were closed down by the Registrar of Friendly Societies.

It is perfectly clear that the present company laws are hopelessly inadequate to protect the investor. We have repeatedly urged that this grave defect in our legal machinery should be remedied—a first and obvious step is to prevent men who have staggered from one financial crash to another from coming forward to float new companies without having to reveal their past.

* * *

It should also be made impossible for a trade to be done in moribund companies which can be used and exploited for fresh plundering expeditions without even the formality of a new registration.

There is a Business Committee in the House of Commons which is tackling and making recommendations about the great problems of world depression and universal unemployment. Can it not spare some of its energy and devote some of its knowledge and experience to protecting the savings of simple-minded working-class investors from the sharks who batten and flourish upon them with comparative impunity?

A Taverner in the Town

WILLIAM TAVERNER, the sanctimonious swindler whose schemes compounded of folly and fraud we have so often exposed, appears to be very busily engaged in the West of England attempting to defend the shreds of his reputation, and to justify his activities in connection with Quarterly Dividends, Limited, and National House Purchase, Limited.

A leaflet is being freely circulated containing some account of a public meeting held at Devonport. From a copy which has reached us it is not difficult to reconstruct the scene.

There were one hundred and twenty-two persons present, all of them, we should imagine, eager to lap up the legendary food for fools. Indeed, judging from the resolutions which they passed unanimously, we can only suppose that, as Charles Kingsley wrote, "They sat under the flapdoodle trees and let the flapdoodle fall into their mouths."

The first resolution was proposed by Mr. James H. Ward and seconded by Mrs. Phillips, of Devonport. It is as follows:—

"That this meeting having heard a full statement respecting recent articles in JOHN BULL, and its attacks upon Mr. William Taverner, hereby expresses its full confidence in the scheme of Quarterly Dividends, Limited, and National House Purchase, Limited, believing the same to be a sound and workable scheme. It further strongly resents the unjustifiable imputations contained in JOHN BULL concerning members of the society, and further records its full confidence in Mr. Taverner and tenders him the sympathy of this meeting for the slanderous attacks made upon him."

We do not begrudge Mr. Taverner any consolation which he may derive from this ridiculous resolution. We are puzzled, however, by the reference to "members of the society." What society?

A Mr. Osborn added to the ludicrous nature of the proceedings by proposing "That all present at this meeting further pledge themselves to abstain from reading JOHN BULL as a protest."

This, however, was not put to the meeting.

Having had the painful experience of listening for upwards of an hour recently to Taverner when he called on us and begged for mercy, at one moment flushed with indignation and the next with difficulty restraining his tears, we know quite well the sort of clap-trap by which he persuaded the faithful hundred-and-twenty two to pass these votes of confidence.

We will guarantee that he did not tell them that the Government Actuary condemned his scheme as not only fundamentally rotten, but fraudulent in intention, or that the Court of Criminal Appeal declared that his sentence of fifteen months' imprisonment, if it erred at all, erred on the side of leniency for so gross a swindle.

Who shall dissuade fools from their folly?

Fee-Snatching Made Easy!

EVERY day some poor fellow loses his life's savings through investment in a worthless business. Is it fair that Business Transfer Agencies who countenance such transactions should be allowed to carry on without censure?

MR. F. T. HASLAM, whose unscrupulous methods of business we exposed in these columns, has met with the retribution he deserves. Last week he was sent to prison for twelve months by the Common Serjeant at the Old Bailey, Sir Henry Dickens, K.C., who observed that Haslam had been practising a cruel form of fraud which was all too common.

It is a service to the community that this rascal Haslam has been put away. He now joins the considerable and inglorious company of rogues whose malpractices have been brought to light by this journal. Something like a round dozen of them have thus been sentenced since the beginning of the year.

But what of the agencies which draw fees from the introduction of clients to rascals like Haslam? One of these agencies is the Mutual Business Transfer Agency, of 25, Hampstead Road, London, N.W., run by a Mr. W. Hewitson.

Hewitson introduced a man named Trowbridge, of Fulham, to a person called William J. Spackman, of Bow. Spackman pretended to have a very flourishing business, and he got a hundred pounds out of Trowbridge, as an investment in this business, in return for which Trowbridge was to get a salaried position.

Spackman turned out to be a common rogue, and he is now doing twelve months in jail. Trowbridge found to his amazement, after he had paid £8 by cheque to Hewitson for commission and expenses, that nearly a score of people had also come into the clutches of this rascal, Spackman, and had invested money with him, on the promise of salaried positions.

In this way Spackman obtained between three and four thousand pounds before he was sent to jail. His business was entirely bogus, and the money of his dupes was all lost. Many of them were introduced to Spackman by Hewitson, who drew his commission and accepted no further responsibility.

Hewitson, however, protected himself by stating that he made no enquiries into the integrity of the people to whom he introduced his clients, unless those clients paid him an additional fee. We plainly say that he ought to make such enquiries.

If, as he does, he inserts an advertisement, asking for money to be invested and stating that such money is returnable, he incurs at least a moral responsibility, and probably a legal responsibility. Those who have lost money through him would be well advised to test the question in a court of law.

The Spackman debacle is only one count in our indictment against Hewitson's business methods. He also introduced clients to Haslam, and he certainly ought to have known the kind of man Haslam was.

He owed hundreds of pounds to wholesale fish merchants in Billingsgate. He paid them a bit now and again, when he could get a victim to invest money with him in return for employment and on the promise of a position as a branch manager in the shops which he said he was going to open in various parts of London.

He had no such shops, though he had a few stalls in side streets, and put their addresses on his notepaper. One of the men who was sent to him by Hewitson was Mr. Charles Prudhoe, who invested £200 and lost it. Another was a man named Walsh, who lost £150. Another was a demobilised soldier named Smallwood, who invested his gratuity and lost it. Another was a man named Lipscombe, who invested £100 which he and his wife had scraped together out of his Army pay and allowances. He is now ruined.

When he found out how he had been duped, Lipscombe tried to get some of his money back. Haslam laughed at his unfortunate victim and confronted him with a petition in bankruptcy which he had filed to protect himself.

Haslam told his victims that he was worth £20,000. He said that his Streatham business alone was worth £5,000. And he bragged about the £30,000 he had invested in Government securities. But when asked to repay £30 to one of his dupes he replied that he had got no money and that his victim could take whatever legal steps he chose.

This impudent rascal had nearly a score of men in his employment. They had all invested money with him. There was no work for them to do. When the crash came, after our exposure, they had lost every penny.

It is a grave scandal that a concern like the Business Transfer Agency should involve men in ruin by handing them over to rogues like Haslam and Spackman and should then be able to evade all responsibility.

In the existing state of the law this procedure is unhappily permissible. The law must be strengthened to cope with it.

Appalling Baby Farming Scandal

ONE of the greatest civil wars in history was fought in order to abolish slavery of the blacks. What shall we say, then, when we find here in our midst British children being bartered like so much cattle? Yet the fact remains. Only we have an innocent-sounding, a mild euphonious expression for this form of subtle slavery. We call it adopting.

All over the country children are being adopted by people or associations which have no more personal interest in this affair than did the slave-owners over their prey.

The need for more stringent laws which will afford these lost children some protection, some efficient surveillance, becomes gravely evident when one reads of the cases of cruelty which happen to be made public.

These cases abound. An appalling instance was given at the Shropshire Assizes the other day, when a rascal was sent to prison for eight years, for terrible offences against a little girl of five. The child had been adopted by this man and his wife when it was sixteen months old.

On the evidence of an eye-witness, who was able to describe the crime, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty of "a foul and unnatural offence," as the Commissioner put it. The sentence of eight years may be regarded as severe in the case of a first conviction, but Mr. Langdon, K.C., was right in saying that a man's past character would not influence him in a case of that shocking description.

The vigilance of that fine voluntary body—the N.S.P.C.C.—is commendable; but even the Society has to depend on the reporting of cases by the general public and police.

Let us make it a criminal offence for people to buy—"adopt!"—children for monetary interest only.

Here is one of the more common cases: Francis Newstead Preseno, described as being of independent means, was charged at the Driffield Police Court with cruelty to three boys. The case was brought at the instance of the N.S.P.C.C.

A number of bruises were found on one of the boys, aged ten, and it was alleged that Preseno systematically ill-treated the three boys. Sometimes a boy was taken to a shed and sometimes to a wood half a mile away. Preseno administered from 10 to 50 strokes with a leather belt.

The inspector asked Preseno what was his idea of keeping other people's children. He replied, "I am independent, and surely to God I can spend my money as I like!" He added the significant statement, "I get these boys from their parents with complete surrender."

Mark that! Complete surrender.

This cad was fined £25 despite the fact that the Bench regarded the case as one of the most serious they had ever had before them. They were of the opinion that the Home should be broken up. Why then did the wretch get off with a £25 fine?

During the past year the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children dealt with nearly 40,000 cases affecting 95,627 children of whom 13,873 were babies under two years of age. So long as the law inflicts nominal fines where prison is the obviously just sentence, what hopes can one have of any amelioration?

A Bookie's Bunkum

COMPLAINTS are constantly reaching us from readers all over the country who have been stung by the defaulting bookmaker calling himself George Clark, who circularises his victims from 289, Regent Street, London, W.

It is preposterous that this man should be allowed to describe himself as a bookmaker, and to put on his circulars that he is a member of the principal sporting clubs, and that he can be seen personally in Tattersalls at all the big meetings.

His record in our files, and also in the archives of the Turf Guardian Society, is that of a common rogue and swindler.

His method of procedure may best be shown by relating the experience of a Peterborough reader who, sometime before the Derby, invested with Clark two pounds to win on Papyrus at 9 to 1.

Clark sent him vouchers acknowledging the bet. But, as usual, he made no effort to pay it after the race, and it is still unpaid, in spite of repeated applications.

To take another example, that of a Swansea reader, who invested £1 with him on Papyrus for the Derby. He got a receipt for it and on settling day was told that £10 had been put to his credit. He immediately sent a registered letter demanding his winnings, but did not even get a reply.

On the other hand, though Clark is extremely chary about paying himself, he is very energetic about getting paid. A client, who had always paid Clark when he lost, read a warning we issued some time ago about this rascal, and promptly closed his account, refusing to pay him an account of just over £1.

He got a letter from D. H. Soames James and Co., Solicitors of 203 High Road, Kilburn, N.W.6, demanding on behalf of Clark the prompt payment of the debt due, failing which they threatened to institute proceedings on Clark's behalf.

Mr. George Clark gives a highly successful imitation of Brer Rabbit, lies low and says nothing. To change the figure, he is a Moriarty of the Turf, who has made the sport of kings a medium by which he robs the public with cynical audacity and brazen unscrupulousness.

In the existing state of the law there is no adequate protection against sharks of this kind. Complaints have poured in upon us, upon the Turf Guardian Society, and upon the police. The attention of the Director of Public Prosecutions has frequently been enlisted, but without any practical results.

There is only one way. Parliament, which, through its Select Committee, has had copious examples of the complaints made against Mr. "Moriarty" Clark, must deal with this matter itself. All that is wanted is a short Act making it a criminal offence to obtain money by bets through false pretences.

CAN WE ABOLISH CAPITALISTS?

Chalk *v.* Cheese

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

OPINIONS do not seem likely to lose their knack of differing. Sometimes they differ to an extent which reminds one of the difference between chalk and cheese.

In the past few days we have had Chalk and Cheese on the question of Socialism. Here, or at Hersham, is Chalk, otherwise Earl Winterton:

To put Socialism into operation in this country would mean confiscation and robbery on a gigantic scale. Socialistic clergy had said that the principles of Socialism were the practical application of the Sermon on the Mount, but the application of the Labour Party's policy meant nothing but the practical application of the principles of Barabbas.

And here, or at Morpeth, on the very same day, is Cheese, otherwise no less a personage than Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., Leader of His Majesty's Opposition:

Socialism is coming like the dawn, slowly and steadily growing until at last the sun rises in all its magnificence. Nobody but fools will challenge that the day has come. I am happy now because we can supplant Capitalism by Socialism and leave workmen to control their own destinies.

You will observe that what means "confiscation and robbery" to Chalk, means the rosy-fingered dawn and unalloyed bliss to Cheese.

FOR you and me and the rest of the plain people Chalk *v.* Cheese is obviously a big matter. To bring it out of the region of metaphor into the region of brass tacks, the time would seem to have arrived when we must choose between Chalk and Cheese.

If we are to take Mr. Ramsay MacDonald literally, the choice is already as good as made. He is "happy now, because we can supplant Capitalism by Socialism and leave workmen, etc., etc., etc." It sounds wonderful—but *can we?*

Not to beat about the bush, I haven't the slightest doubt that we can. Whether we ought to is another affair. And where we shall end up, if we confirm Mr. MacDonald in his happiness, by wiping Capitalism right out and leaving the workman to etcetera, is another affair still.

The workman appears to be controlling his own etceteras down at the London Docks just now with a vengeance. He is controlling them to an extent which shocks even Mr. J. H. Thomas, who has been admitting in print that he feels "apprehensive of the situation."

REMARKS about "the dawn" are calculated to tickle some of us to death. Mr. Arthur Henderson indulged in them pretty freely when the Russian Revolution started. For Mr. Henderson, Kerenski's revolution was not only "the dawn of Socialism" but "the dawn of universal liberty." By the time Kerenski's dawn had been supplanted by the glorious noon-day sunshine of Lenin and Trotsky and the Russian workman etceteraed to the tune of conscripted labour, and a diet of grass-soup and birdseed, Mr. Henderson had learnt to sing a trifle smaller, and only a few weeks back Mr. MacDonald himself was assuring us that he hadn't "a thousand-millionth part of sympathy with Bolshevism."

Last week Trotsky made a speech in which he declared that despite the Soviet's return to a capitalistic policy, "private property rights will never be revived in Russia." "The huge taxes that Russia forces capitalists to pay," he averred, "absorb most of their profits and in reality traders and speculators in Russia are working for the Government, only they do not realise it." So you see how the land lies—in Russia.

AS a fact, the lie of the land in England at the present moment is not vastly dissimilar. It is on that fact, doubtless, that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald really bases his happiness. Slowly but surely we can—if we like—tax the capitalist out of existence, or at any rate bring him down to the Trotsky level of "working for the Government without realising it."

All history goes to show that under Socialism the people are worse off than under Capitalism. And if you ask me for a quick opinion I should say that the well-being and happiness of the people of England are of much greater importance than the well-being and happiness of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

A WORLD populated by serious people with gloomy and forbidding countenances, a world in which everyone broods upon the unpleasant things of life, a world in which there is no fun and no enjoyment because life is a mournful and depressing business, a world of set jaws and long faces, where people are only allowed to smile on special occasions and to laugh only at the infantile jokes of Puritans, Prigs and Prohibitionists — this is the ideal world of Sir Thomas Inskip.

Naturally he would be furious if you told him so. He would be at pains to prove that the world of the Puritans is the best of all possible worlds. He would say that the gospel of Puritanism has made old England what she is. And he would instance Oliver Cromwell.

Sir T. W. H. Inskip, C.B.E., K.C., M.P.

BUT the real tragedy of Cromwell, and the secret of his greatness, was that he had no place in the world of Puritans. The moment he realised the horrible nature of Puritanical government, he destroyed it. And with his death—the death of the one jovial fellow in the whole movement—the entire edifice of the Commonwealth came crashing to earth in irremediable ruin.

All of which, though quite patent to anyone who reads between the lines, is totally lost on Sir Thomas Inskip. He closely resembles the type of man who got on Cromwell's nerves, the type of man who deals in negatives, who is busied with the things people ought *not* to do, never with the things they might do. In short, a fanatic, a crank with a single idea in his head—and that a wrong one!

THE Solicitor-General is quite a nice person to meet, cultured, amiable, generous and courteous. But, like most lunatics, dangerous if you tackle him on his touchy subjects. I'm very much afraid that in certain respects he is past praying for. He has made up his mind that his mind is made up. He is in the right, and everyone who doesn't agree with him is in the wrong.

Fortunately he is not a convinced cannibal. Or perhaps unfortunately—since one may apparently be insane on every other subject under the sun and escape incarceration.

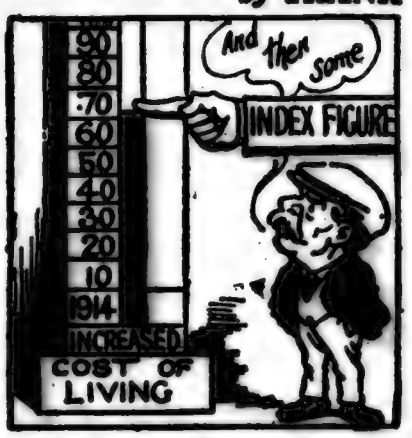
So positive is he that he is on the side of the angels that his temperamental gloom does not surprise me. It must be a terrible thing for a man to witness the vast majority of his fellow-creatures going straight to perdition. Indeed, I am astonished that he manages to bear up so well. And one cannot be sufficiently grateful for the fact that, from his point of view, most of us are in a state of deadly sin!

YET it would be wrong to suggest that Sir Thomas has lived in vain. For his occasional outbursts show, as nothing else could, that we have progressed. There was a time when disagreement with his pseudo-pious clap-trap would have meant an uncomfortable hour or two on the rack.

Now we can laugh in safety both at him and his ridiculous opinions. Once the Puritan was a figure of fear. To-day he is a figure of farce.

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND



Altho' the figure shown is high
It should be even bigger;
For figures can be made to lie
When liars start to figure.

All hopes of World Disarmament
Have now gone by the board;
The dream is dead—we cannot shed
The burden of the sword

For dockers out on strike to-day
This proverb may be fitting;
"It isn't wise to saw away
The branch on which you're sitting."

The Diehards thought they'd shut him up,
But their attempt was vain;
For nimble Fred (that's Birkenhead)
Keeps popping up again.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. W. C. BRIDGEMAN, M.P., Home Secretary.

SIR,—One of your Borstal "patients," Arthur Reynolds, on being sentenced for housebreaking at Woolwich, addressed the court as follows, "I learned more at Borstal than before I went there, and when I came out I was worse." That puts the result of Borstal treatment in a nutshell. Its objects are good but its working and its results are absolutely rotten. Why not overhaul it from top to bottom? What we want is a system that will really help the young offender, not turn him into a hardened criminal. JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mr. JUSTICE SANKEY, G.B.E., Royal Courts of Justice.

MY LORD,—There exists in this country an ancient tradition that the law is no respecter of persons. Exactly how it manages to survive in these days is a matter for wonderment, and two sentences passed by you at the Swansea Assizes don't throw much light on the mystery. You sent to three years' penal servitude a wretched woman post-office official who had embezzled £3,000, while two wealthy coal-exporters who had done the revenue out of £13,000 by Income Tax frauds got off with eight months and seven months' imprisonment respectively. Where's the justice or the logic of it? Distinctions like this from the Judicial Bench breed far more class-hatred and Bolshevism than the vapourings of Moscow-fed politicians. JOHN BULL.

To Brigadier-General W. T. F. HORWOOD, K.C.B., D.S.O., Commissioner, Metropolitan Police.

SIR,—Your men are far too fond of making arrests when the proper and decent course would be to proceed by summons. Why was it necessary, for instance, to march a poor devil of a costermonger off to jail for causing an obstruction by selling fruit from a barrow? As Mr. Symmons, the Marlborough Street magistrate, pointed out, it isn't like a man who has stolen a watch. These people have feelings, though you mightn't think it and it's your duty to see that these feelings are not violated without proper cause. Now that attention has been called to this scandal from the Bench perhaps you will take steps to remedy it. JOHN BULL.

To VISCOUNT CURZON, M.P., House of Commons, S.W.

RIGHT HONOURABLE ROAD-HOG,—You have now had your eighteenth conviction for motoring offences, sixteen of them being for excessive speed. Of course if you had been anyone else but an earl's heir and a member of Parliament, your licence would have been taken away from you years ago. This time you did not even take the trouble to attend the court, but sent a solicitor to plead that there were other cars in front of you which you had not overtaken. You ought to be as ashamed of such a childish defence as you should be of the charge which inspired it. JOHN BULL.

THE RIVAL SPECIALISTS.

DOCTOR BALDWIN: "Why not give my medicine a trial?"

To the Rt. Hon. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, O.M., M.P., House of Commons.

SIR,—It seems to me that your vitriolic criticism of the present Government is in poor taste. You had your chance to set Europe on its feet again, and after four long years of watching and waiting the country put the job into other hands. Your successors are now straining every nerve to achieve what you couldn't, and the very least you might do is to help them instead of growling at them. "Country before Party" used to be your slogan, but now it seems the other way round. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. THE EARL OF DERBY, K.G., Secretary of State for War.

MY LORD,—It is, of course, desirable that the Army should be kept in training, but is it really necessary that villages on Salisbury Plain should be bombarded at intervals with live shell? The inhabitants of Market Lavington and Easterton accepted this sort of thing philosophically during the war, but to find shrapnel dropping close to one's house in the year 1923 is a little too thick. Please order the Commandant of the Larkhill School of Artillery to regulate his practice with more care and intelligence, or better still, transport the concern to a deserted bit of coast where he can only scare the sea-gulls. JOHN BULL.

To the RECTOR OF BLAKENEY, Norfolk.

SIR,—It would have been impossible for a person of taste and discretion to have considered for a moment the erection in a British church of a War Memorial made in Germany. That you, a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England, should have contemplated this outrage is amazing; but though you are obviously devoid of the qualities I have mentioned, I am glad you have had the sense to bow before the storm of indignation of your parishioners and abandon the idea. It was an insult alike to the men who fell and to those who mourn them. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Rev. RANDALL DAVIDSON, G.C.V.O., D.D., Archbishop of Canterbury.

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP,—For the first time in history an archbishop has stepped down from his pedestal to address a great audience of nonconformists and plead with them for comradeship and unity. All honour to you for this act of foresight, liberalism and common sense. The world is sore and shaken, and in the fellowship of the Christian churches you see the only possibility of setting it up on its feet again. I don't think you are far wrong, but dogmatic prejudice and spiritual jealousy will take an immense amount of killing. JOHN BULL.

Sir ERNLEY BLACKWELL, K.C.B., Assistant Under-Secretary, Home Office.

SIR,—In your evidence before the Select Committee on Betting you asserted that there was a great deal of betting by persons in receipt of the dole, but when you were taxed you could not give the vaguest idea of any authority for this grave statement, nor could you name a single police officer with whom you had discussed the matter. People in your position are summoned to a public inquiry to state facts and support them by evidence, not to utter vague and apparently unwarranted libels on the poor and workless. JOHN BULL.

Councillor BROWN, Dundee Town Council.

SIR,—Your public attack on the Prince of Wales as "an example of how to live without working" is beastly bad form and shows, moreover, that you are a person of narrow views and limited intelligence. The Prince works as hard for his country as any man alive and what's more he has fought for it. What your own particular form of national service may be I don't know, but evidently you think it's the only form that should count. JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

IT is an amazing and thoroughly disconcerting thing that after five years of messing and muddling by the statesmen of Europe the really vital question of the peace is still unsettled.

Germany Must Pay

We are all agreed that Germany can pay and must pay reparations: we do not seem to be able to find an effective way of making her pay. If we are not to lose the peace this way must be found.

Where the aim of Allied statesmen is the same it is their business to keep together, and use their joint power in the most effective way. France has become rather restive under what it regards as undue British criticism. The best way to allay that restiveness is to get the discussion back to the only test that matters—will any particular step, attitude or action further the aim of making Germany pay?

There is pressure on this country to get on with this long-delayed business of collecting reparations from Germany, not less than there is in France. France is not so dependent on export trade as we are: and must be urged to show a sympathetic appreciation of our position in this respect.

We are facing our fourth winter of post-war unemployment. We have to find from our export trade the heavy payments we are making to America. This country has not a bottomless purse. Settlement in Europe is essential to its prosperity.

In the meantime it is the duty of the Government to do what it can to help forward the trade with Russia which is beginning at last to show signs of restoration. It is its duty to encourage and foster trade with the Dominions. It is its duty to further reproductive expenditure on employment at home. By its success in these things, getting down to real business, it will be judged by the electorate.

ANY real apparent injustice to women in our law now receives so much attention, and Parliament is so ready to sweep it away, that the married woman may almost be called the law's spoilt child.

Martyrs in Matrimony

At present she is entitled to her own income, and to be supported by her husband so long as she chooses to live with him. But if her income suffices for her she can leave him and he has no right to prevent her.

In such case the husband is absolutely without legal redress, for the "Restitution" order which the Divorce Court can fling to him, cannot be enforced in any way. A class of case has arisen, therefore, in which a husband may be badly treated without having legal redress.

A wife tires of her husband's attentions, or becomes unwilling to bear him children. If he presses her, she may tell him that she is willing to live under his roof and at his expense as his nominal wife, so long as he does not trouble her further. In fact, she flatly refuses to fulfil her essential duty to him. Obviously in a civilised country the law can impose no direct compulsion on such a woman.

The woman with a separate income can now offer her husband the alternative of allowing her to live under his roof without interference from him, or leaving him. Others may continue obstinately to refuse to meet the highest responsibility of the marriage tie. In either case the man, unless he has a strong will and high principles, is driven to seek other society; and a wife of this kind who discovers an indiscretion has no mercy.

If her husband has a position to lose she compels him, by threat of divorce proceedings, to sign a separation deed giving her full maintenance for life. It is true that, if he refuses, the Court will not grant complete divorce to a woman who behaves in this way; but it will give her a judicial separation, carrying the right of alimony out of her husband's income, and it is for the right of living a free life at his expense that a woman of this kind really lays her schemes.

The "man-made law" in effect punishes the husband in these cases and rewards the wife by conceding her her wishes. The remedy (until a sensible divorce law is passed) would be to treat a woman who behaved in this way without reasonable cause as guilty of a serious matrimonial offence.

Such an offence, unless repented and forgiven, should disentitle her to any share of her husband's income in the form of alimony.

THE steady forward march of John Bull continues. Some time ago we published our net sales for the six months up to the end of May. They constituted a wonderful record and were acknowledged to be the outstanding achievement of current journalism. A further month's figures, which are now available, show that this gratifying increase is being consistently maintained. We give herewith an extract from the Net Sales Certificates for the six months ended June 30th, 1923, as guaranteed by two eminent firms of chartered accountants—Franklin Wild and Co. and Marwick Mitchell and Co.

Figures that Talk

Jan. 6	..	587,990	Apr. 14	..	776,160
„ 13	..	594,344	„ 21	..	784,463
„ 20	..	616,122	„ 28	..	792,611
„ 27	..	621,238	May 5	..	794,923
Feb. 3	..	640,870	„ 12	..	796,427
„ 10	..	668,496	„ 19	..	798,132
„ 17	..	679,343	„ 26	..	815,832
„ 24	..	685,834	June 2	..	818,177
Mch. 3	..	691,539	„ 9	..	820,426
„ 10	..	706,503	„ 16	..	805,810
„ 17	..	713,377	„ 23	..	792,864
„ 24	..	749,658	„ 30	..	810,416
„ 31	..	754,158	July 7	..	830,197
Apr. 7	..	773,344			

It is to be observed that these figures are certified to be actual Net Sales—that is to say they are exclusive of all free copies, after the returns received each week have been deducted. We record these figures with pride, and believe that they are a conclusive proof that the policy of this journal, with its motto—"For the People, the Right to Truth and Justice"—commands widespread and ever-growing approval and support.

COMMENT on the scandals associated with Ellis Island, the Dry Ships tangle, and the Immigration quota muddle generally misses the real point, which is that all these things are part of the deep game Uncle Sam is playing to aid American shipping in the fight for supremacy.

Uncle Sam's Deep Game

For some time past representatives of the United States abroad have been making inquiries into the measures resorted to in other lands to encourage shipbuilding and the building up of a powerful mercantile marine.

At first it was thought that American shipping might be helped by direct cash subsidies, but that was abandoned as likely to provoke reprisals from other countries. Then it was decided that the best way to achieve the end was to make conditions as difficult as possible for foreign ships in American waters.

Once this course was decided on, those responsible for administering the laws respecting immigration and prohibition got busy, and the crop of "incidents" (of which the papers have been full) followed naturally.

In writing thus we are not writing without sound authority. Our information is based on confidential instructions issued to representatives of American shipping companies and American Consular agents in this country. These instructions lay stress on the importance of pointing out to would-be immigrants that the surest way to avoid trouble at the Customs is to travel under the American flag.

Not only that, but the search for spirits on American ships is reduced to a farce, and would-be immigrants are assured by the touts of the American companies that they stand a much better chance of obtaining spirits on an American ship than on a British one.

Is it not time the authorities here took measures to compel the United States to end this one-sided treatment?

DR. CRILE'S contention that life began as a flame burning in water is unlikely to cause so reverberating a controversy as that which was associated with the name of Darwin. It is, no doubt, very interesting to be told that human genealogy began with a star-fish, progressed to a salamander and finally reached the glory of creation in man.

The Vital Spark

What most people are concerned about is not so much how man came into being and obtained the great gift of life as what he is going to do with it. We have made astonishing material advances within living memory. Mrs. Haldane, Lord Haldane's mother, who is in her hundredth year, recently dictated her reminiscences into a dictaphone, with a wireless set beside her bed. She remembered the days before there were railways, and saw the coming of the steamship, the telephone, the motor-car, and the aeroplane. With all these discoveries the struggle of life is still as acute as ever. It scarcely leaves us time to be astonished, much less resentful, when we are told that we are really only a flame in water.

A House of Strife

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(*Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.*)

ONLY the other day Mr. Stanley Baldwin declared that if the world were governed by business men its problems would be settled in six months. Our readers know that we have long held the same opinion. In this article "The Gentleman-with a Duster" gives his views on the question and states a powerful case against those politicians who put Party before Country.

Lord Leverhulme

ALL of us, from the harassed millionaire, paying away more than half his revenue as income-tax, down to the unhappy skilled mechanic still standing in a dreary queue of depressed workmen to draw his unemployment dole, are reaping the whirlwind of Faction.

In January, 1914, Mr. Lloyd George made a public protest against our expenditure on armaments. He told the nation that the world was never more peaceful. He spoke of Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation in 1886 on the grounds of economy—a significant threat. The whole of the Liberal Press supported the Chancellor of the Exchequer in that protest. We were cultivating better relations with Germany. Our engagements involved us in no war of aggression. Social reform was long overdue. Why these monstrous bills from the Admiralty and the War Office in a time of profound peace?

THEN in the midst of summer's brightness a wind came out of Ireland and began to drum on the windows of Whitehall. It found its way into the corridors of the House of Commons. It stirred the lace curtains of Belgravia and Mayfair. It ruffled family relations and came between friends of long standing. Then it blew upon embers which we had all thought were long since trodden underfoot—the embers of civil strife. Before we knew what was happening to our peaceful and prosperous Britain, the storm burst upon us in full blast, and, with the storm, up shot the flames of Civil War. Then Germany, thinking our hands were tied by Ireland, struck at Belgium and plunged European civilisation into bankruptcy.

We have now gone back to faction. Ireland went back to it before we did, very bloodily, and so did Poland, and so did Russia, and so did Greece. India is cultivating Faction like a religion. Faction is creating assassins out of Mohammedans in Egypt as easily as it created them out of Christians in Ireland. Murder is everywhere, with arson, pestilence, and famine running at his blood-stained heels. Faction, in short, all over the earth, is dividing nations and hurling great groups of men into violent collision.

NO bank is run by faction, no industry, no little shop. Science proceeds from triumph to triumph without faction. Schools, universities, scientific institutes, and hospitals manage their business without this violent interneccine strife. Only in politics and religion does faction reign; but while it is deplored by religion it is welcomed by politics.

We are told by statesmen and journalists that we do not love a Coalition and that we sturdily believe in party government. It may be so; yet I have never heard such an expression of opinion from any field labourer, any skilled mechanic, any working-man's wife. My knowledge of the people of this country leads me to believe that their only interest in party politics is expressed in the familiar tag of Shakespeare, "A plague on both your houses."

The great bulk of the British people belong to no political club, read no political newspaper, and take no interest whatever in the party game. They are occupied in struggling to earn a living, they are absorbed in the beauties and difficulties of their family life, their whole social horizon is bounded by the neighbourhood in which they so valiantly and so successfully do their duty. They are like the unknown warriors of whom Sir John French wrote to Mr. Churchill after the Retreat from Mons:

> I have had a terribly anxious time and the troops have suffered severely, but they are simply *glorious*. I think you have heard me say that I would be ready to take on any enemy in Europe half as strong again. I say that more than ever *now!* I can't find words to say all I think of them.

THE brave young men of England who thus gloriously confronted both enormous odds and unspeakable horrors, bleeding without a groan, dying without a complaint, did not care a rush whether Mrs. Asquith or Mrs. Lloyd George reigned in Number 10, Downing Street. They had no knowledge of the difference which sunders the Carlton Club from the Reform Club. They could not have told you the political colour of two newspapers out of ten. Their hearts were with their mothers and their wives, their minds were with the Football League, and their bodies were against their country's enemies.

So it is still with the vast bulk of our glorious British people, and if the statesmen of this country are not willing to sink every petty, mean, and unmanly jealousy in order to render them real help in their great sorrows and their bitter sufferings, they are utterly unfit to call themselves leaders of the nation.

I will give one practical example of what I mean. Certain great men in this nation, standing more or less outside party politics, have solved in their own neighbourhoods the difficult matter of housing the wage-earner in decency and comfort. Why are they ignored by our statesmen? Why is Mr. Neville Chamberlain, and not Lord Leverhulme, dealing with this difficulty? Lord Leverhulme says that the misery of London is simply a matter of "bad packing"; he could build better houses, provide far more open spaces, and find room for an infinitely greater population. Why is this high claim not put to the test?

A COMMITTEE composed of men like Lord Leverhulme, the Rowntrees, and the Cadburys, could solve the whole housing question of the British Islands in six months. Why do we tinker with a matter which makes the whole difference between contentment and wretchedness for millions of our glorious people? And why not a similar committee of great men, not industrial minnows, but commercial Tritons, to devise a scheme for so developing the trade of our rich Empire that we should have money and to spare for this foundational reform?

If we must be a house divided against itself, if we are still willing to run the tremendous risk of 1914, for heaven's sake let those who are at the head of the triumphant faction for the time being consult and use the greatest men in the nation for helping our people to believe that England is a great country, and life a blessing.

The Dockers were right in their facts, but they attacked the wrong people.

The Claims

YOU can prove anything by statistics. You hear of enormous sums received by surgical experts and bricklayers and movie stars, and in swift calculation you know they must be making fortunes. Your mouth waters in consequence.

But the incomes of all casual workers, whether they be painters of folk fashionable in society or dock labourers or street-corner vendors of pills, must be taken on the average. Then the total is not quite so colossal.

As a free-born Briton I am to be allowed my grumble at the exorbitant price paid per hour to house-builders. But as a man of common sense, I know there are days and sometimes weeks when the weather is inclement, when men have to lie-off and when, of course, there is no pay to be drawn. Further, comparisons of wages to-day with what they were in pre-war times are of no use unless we also have comparisons of cost of living in the different periods. So a working man I know, although he now receives 11s. 6d. a day compared with 7s. 6d. a day in early 1914, is actually worse off now than then because the purchasing power of 11s. 6d. in 1923 is less than was 7s. 6d. in 1914.

We have all been hearing and talking a lot about the dockers who went on strike as a protest against their wages being cut down a shilling a day because the decrease in the cost of food did not warrant the higher pay. Generally speaking I think the dockers were right in their facts, but wrong in their tactics. They had agreed to drop a bob when the average cost of living fell to a particular figure. The perfectly accurate Board of Trade returns showed that that figure had been reached. So the dockowners were right in asking that the lower rate should prevail. But the dockers were sure those statistics did not apply in their districts; and if they were correct in this assertion their grievance was not against their employers but against the harpy, profiteering shopkeepers in their locality.

Now in my heart I have a tender spot for the casual labourer and especially for the dock worker. There comes to memory pictures of long queues of worn men standing in the drizzle on many winter mornings hoping to get a job at the

The "Daily Mail" Exposed

by A. G. GARDINER

WHAT is the motive behind the extraordinary attitude of the Rothermere Press? The methods of M. Poincaré have been condemned by three British Premiers. Yet the Daily Mail and its associated newspapers persist in supporting his suicidal policy. Everyone agrees that Germany must pay. "Anti-French" and "Pro-German" are words which have no bearing on a question which means life or death to Europe.

Lord Rothermere

I AM going to ask my readers to-day to inquire with me what Lord Rothermere is after, and what we have to do with him. Who Lord Rothermere is I will explain later, for the benefit of those who have not heard of him. First, let me state why it is necessary to direct attention to this obscure person, about whom, by the way, I speak with entire disinterestedness, for I have never met him.

For many months past the Government of this country has been engaged in the most desperate struggle that any Government was ever involved in. First under Mr. Lloyd George, then under Mr. Bonar Law, now under Mr. Baldwin, it has been straining every nerve (1) to preserve peace with France; (2) to prevent M. Poincaré pursuing a policy which in ruining Europe is destroying the economic existence of this country.

I shall not ask you to accept my word as to the effect of Poincaré's policy. Go to Lancashire, go to Yorkshire, go to any part of industrial England, see the mills and factories working half-time and no time, watch the unemployed in the streets, inquire as to the causes of the paralysis that is reducing British trade to bankruptcy.

IF you are still unconvinced, ask yourself why three Prime Ministers in succession have been driven to the conclusion that Poincaré, whether deliberately or not, is the deadliest enemy this country has to face. Mr. George, Mr. Law, Mr. Baldwin in turn (all of them enthusiastic friends of France, all of them anxious for reparations), have found him impossible to deal with. Is it possible that they are all mistaken, that they are all knaves or fools whose object is to betray their country, and that the only man who knows what is good for us is M. Poincaré?

Does anyone believe that? Is it not plain that whoever is in office in this country, whether Tory, Liberal or Labour, he will be compelled to do as Mr. George, Mr. Law and Mr. Baldwin have done? Does it not follow that in this desperate crisis responsible journalists should back the men who are fighting the battle of the country, trust their judgment and believe in their patriotism? With one conspicuous exception—for the *Morning Post*, the organ of the butler's pantry, is negligible—that has been done.

THE exception is Lord Rothermere. This person, who has inherited or acquired the vast engine of publicity created by his brother, the late Lord Northcliffe, is, in virtue of that fact, the most powerful individual in the State. Through his multitude of organs, the *Daily Mail*, the *Evening News*, the *Weekly Dispatch*, the *Sunday Pictorial*, and so on, he has access to nearly every household in the land. He can make you think what he wants you to think. He can garble your news, shout this fact in your ears and conceal that, suppress the truth and suggest the false.

Armed with this enormous power over the mind of the nation, what has been his attitude? For months past in all his organs he has been engaged in one task. He has been hounding on the mob against every Prime Minister who has dared to refuse to take his orders from Poincaré. He has conducted his papers as if they were gutter sheets of Paris. He has filled his columns with the shrieks of the imbeciles who take their gospel from him and vomit it back to him.

In all this welter of hysteria there has not been one sane word, one honest appeal to reason, one attempt to present the country with the case as one British Government after another sees it. It is a gigantic stunt, conducted by a crowd of nameless journalists who take their cue from Lord Rothermere as office boys take a message. For it is not an accident that never in the history of the Harmsworth Press has a great journalist been associated with it. No great journalist could breathe in such an atmosphere for a week, and the Rothermeres would not tolerate him for a day, for they do not want journalists: they want flunkeys.

What is the meaning of it? It is simple and obvious. Lord Rothermere aims at ruling England as his brother ruled it. No Government is to be allowed to live that does not take its marching orders from him. He is our Napoleon III., aping his brother who, though I think he did more harm to this country than any man of his time, had at least a touch of genius mixed with his madness.

WHAT is the record, what are the credentials of the man who sets up this enormous claim over the nation? The fact that he has amassed millions and is the greatest newspaper owner in the world is no title. The ownership of newspapers is no guarantee of divine guidance any more than the ownership of a soap factory or a brewery or a bucket shop. A man may be a maniac and still own newspapers. What, then, has he done that he should have the power to make this great nation dance to his insane jazz? With the childish voracity of his family for titles he has become a baronet, a baron and a viscount, with a seat in the House of Lords. He has held that seat for years. *He has never yet opened his mouth in the Chamber.* This noisy, blustering firebrand, like his brother before him, has not the courage to stand up in public where he can be answered and exposed. That is the sort of hero by whom the readers of the Rothermere Press are spoon-fed.

LET us look at another fact. In November, 1917, he became Minister of Air. The circumstances in which he achieved that eminence are a screaming comedy that I wish I had room to relate. His occupancy of the office was another screaming comedy. Like the donkey's gallop, it was short—a matter of weeks. It is remembered by his heroic proposal that the British Museum should be cleared out to provide him with a suitable office. His failure was grotesque, and the moment came when the dreadful necessity of defending his policy in the House of Lords arose He did not defend himself. He resigned. He scuttled, like a rabbit, to his native burrow.

You may laugh at this comic figure. But remember he is the most powerful man in England. It is you who read him who make him powerful. It is for you to destroy his poison before he has destroyed not only this Government but every Government that disregards his arrogant commands.

of the Casual

by SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER

loading of a ship's cargo and being turned sorrowfully away. It ought not to be difficult for men in regular employment, week in and week out, to imagine the discontent and ultimately the rebellion which takes possession of workers who have no constant jobs.

Dockers have made splendid money and not so long ago in the neighbourhood of London by working until seven in the evening they got as much as £1 6s. 3d. a day. But just before the strike came I heard of dockers who were getting an average employment of one and a half days a week at 12s. 6d. a day—and 18s. 9d. a week is a considerable contrast to £1 6s. 3d. a day.

Casual manual labour has demoralising effects. Just now there is a lot of crime in England. It is not difficult to trace the cause to unemployment, for "Satan finds work for idle hands to do." I am not a writer who ever gets sloppy over the noble qualities of the British working man. Like the rest of us, he is no better than he should be. It is fine for the casual worker to have a full week and then he can buy the youngsters the boots they need and maybe take the wife to a music-hall; it is terrible when there is a thin week and not enough money comes in to buy food for the family. Another thing is that this on-and-off employment is bad physically. Hard work is all right so long as there is good pay and good food, but two days on and then three days off plays the deuce with a man's capabilities.

There are plenty of "rotters" among the casual crowd, the booze-soaked Tired Tims and Weary Willies; but there are plenty of men who are constantly struggling with adversity, and who get much more tired looking for work than they would be if they were working. This tramping from disappointment to disappointment sears the heart, blinds the vision to any prospects of a bright to-morrow and is accountable for much of the "unreasonableness" we hear about.

It is sheer balderdash to assert there is any plot in this country to keep the workers ill-paid and ill-fed in order to break their spirit. It is cowardice, however, for us to shirk striving to solve the problems of modern industrialism—and one of the hardest and most painful problems is the case of the casual labourer.

Black Men's Pyjama Parties

The other day, at the Old Bailey, a Black man named Edgar Manning was sent to jail for three years for dealing in cocaine and opium. This was the first serious conviction under the new Act which was passed largely as the result of exposures made in "John Bull." Behind Manning's conviction lie amazing revelations regarding the social peril of the black man in Britain.

The Villain of the Piece

FOR years Edgar Manning was a conspicuous figure in the underworld of crime. He was always well dressed, with a lavish display of diamonds, and carried a malacca cane, with a large gold knob, which could be screwed off and disclosed a receptacle in which he carried the cocaine which it was his business to peddle.

Although he made a good deal of money in this way, it was not enough for his wants, and he supplemented his income by levying a tribute on the immoral earnings of unfortunate white girls.

These poor creatures were thoroughly afraid of Manning, who always carried a revolver in one pocket and a razor in the other. They knew he was quite prepared to use these weapons if the occasion arose.

Manning came to this country just before the war. He was described as a jazz musician. But that was merely a cover for his parasitic activities. His real business was dealing in cocaine, and pandering to the evil passions of the people he met in the night clubs of London.

HIS record is an appalling one. In July, 1920, he was sent to jail for sixteen months with hard labour for shooting at people in Soho. What happened was that Manning and some of his coloured confederates had made a big deal in cocaine. The accomplices demanded their share of the spoil.

The proverb which says that there is honour amongst thieves takes no account of dirty dogs like Manning. He refused to part, and, when his accomplices threatened to beat him, the bully and the coward lost his nerve, drew his revolver and fired at them. Luckily for him his bullets went wide of the mark, or his career might have ended on the scaffold.

When he came out of jail he went back to his old trade. He took a flat in Greek Street, Soho, W., and gathered around him there all the degenerates and drug-addicts of the West End. He had a hand in most of the tragedies that came to light in this connection, but in some mysterious way he retained his liberty.

When the death of Billie Carleton, the beautiful actress, shocked the public, it escaped notice that this low class nigger played a sinister part in her downfall. It was from him that the drug came that led to such a tragic result in that horrible affair at the Savoy Mansions. But this was not the only tragedy with which this flashily dressed, unscrupulous negro was connected.

Again, the public conscience was revolted by the tragic death of Freda Kempton, the beautiful young dancing instructress, who died through an overdose of cocaine. Manning was again a sinister figure in the background. It was to his flat that she and Billie Carleton often went, impelled by the terrible craving for cocaine and morphine.

YET another girl victim was claimed by the dreadful black gang of which Manning was the acknowledged leader. Lilian May Davis, a pretty young girl of twenty-four, living at Dumber Court, St. Giles, was found dead in her room. At the inquest it was stated that she had been a drug-addict for eighteen months. She had been frequently seen speaking to a coloured man whose name was not given. The coloured man was Edgar Manning!

Still another tragedy. In the early hours of a winter morning last year, this camouflaged jazz musician rushed excitedly into Marylebone Police Station and exclaimed that a man was lying dead at his flat.

At the inquest Manning posed as an acquaintance of the dead man, and, in the capacity of an innocent jazz musician, succeeded in persuading the coroner that he had really acted as a friend. It is an amazing thing, in view of his record, of his association with Billie Carleton, Freda Kempton, Lilian Davis and the Soho shooting affray, that this impudent imposture should have gone undetected.

ERIC Goodwin, the man whose untimely end was thus recorded, was the son of a wealthy Liverpool tobacco merchant, and a member of the Corporation of that city. His father died and left him something like £80,000. Eric Goodwin had served as an officer in the war, and left the army suffering from shell-shock. Always on the verge of a nervous breakdown, he took eagerly to the night life of London, and there came in contact with Manning.

When this rich young man, exhausted in the vain pursuit of pleasure, was in a state of collapse, Manning took him home with him to the flat he then occupied at 111, Hallam Street, W. It was a dreadful place for this young ex-officer to find himself.

MANNING used to give, at another flat he kept for the purpose, parties that can only be described as shocking. Rich men of perverted tastes were brought to this place to meet the unhappy women who were wholly in the power of this brutal, cunning and utterly non-moral negro. Pyjama parties, for cocaine addicts, were a regular item of the programme.

Behind locked doors and heavily curtained windows, the most revolting scenes were enacted, nameless horrors of abandoned depravity. And the leering, grinning negro, Manning, looked on and pocketed the lavish profits.

It was on his way to one of these disgraceful parties that poor Goodwin met his death. He went into Manning's flat about midnight; what actually happened there will never be known. It was stated at the inquest by Manning that he found this wealthy ex-officer lying on the floor of his room. His coat was off, and his shirt-sleeves rolled up. The marks of the syringe were on his arm.

According to Manning's own story at the inquest, he left this man, who was obviously very ill, lying on the floor. At five o'clock in the morning he found that the poor fellow was dead, and then he rushed off to the police station to tell his side of the story. He said in his evidence that he did not know Goodwin had a syringe, nor had he ever told Manning that he took drugs.

This story may have been believed by a coroner's jury. How much of it would they have believed had they known of Manning's connection with the series of tragedies we have narrated?

ABOUT two months after this, the police, who must have been very obtuse if they had not by this time realised the shocking type of man Manning was, made a raid upon the house he took in Regent's Park Road after leaving Hallam Street. They found there an opium-pipe, containing the remains of smoked opium, a revolver, a hypodermic syringe case, several hypodermic needles, a large supply of drugs, a price list of drugs, and a pair of chemical scales—all the apparatus, in short, of a professional drug dealer.

Manning, who by this time had got on in the world, described himself as a restaurant keeper. As a matter of fact he was a frequenter of a notorious café in Church Street, Soho, kept by a Greek called Iassonides.

Mdme. Iassonides was a beautiful woman and she had fallen completely a victim to this flashily dressed man of colour. Manning, with his easy laughter, his lavish expenditure, and his coruscating diamonds, had always a following of white women, enthralled by the mysterious fascination which he exercised over them.

The beautiful Madame Iassonides resolved to outstrip all her rivals. Some years ago she left her husband and became the mistress and accomplice of this degenerate negro. She had much more intelligence than he, and for years they worked together plundering their victims and organising immorality on a big scale. The robbing and drugging of troops in the neighbourhood of Victoria Station, during the demobilisation period, which was one of the specialities of this degraded pair, reached the scale of a grave scandal.

This woman's husband and son were both arrested last year for dealing in dope. The evidence was not sufficient, and the police failed in their case. Early this year they were again arrested, and on this occasion the evidence was ample. They both went to jail and were ordered for deportation after their sentences had been served.

NEMESIS also overtook the beautiful Madame Iassonides. A raid was made in Soho, and many women were found asleep on the premises. She was charged with dealing in drugs, and it was admitted in evidence that she was making a profit of over £100 a week. She has since been deported.

Manning again managed to remain in the background. His business was to draw the profits and avoid detection. For some time longer he continued to do so. But at last he was caught red-handed and sentenced at the Old Bailey to three years' penal servitude for dealing in "dope."

There are others like Manning. But it is necessary to tell in detail the story of his career of crime in order to show how grave is the problem involved in the coloured invasion of the West End of London.

A few years ago the negro population of the Capital was negligible. Since the war it has increased by leaps and bounds. Many coloured men from the West Indies who served in the war saw London for the first time and thought, like Bismarck, what a city it was to plunder.

WE have urged Parliament to take steps to deal with this menace. Since we drew attention to it a few weeks ago, Manning's arrest and conviction have taken place. No better example could be given of the real nature of this insidious problem, and we repeat that if it is not dealt with more effectively it will get out of hand, and we shall have more tragedies like those with which this black pest, Manning, was connected.

STEVE DONOGHUE
and the
BARRY SERVICE

Among those who appreciate the sterling worth of the Barry Service is Stephen Donoghue, the famous Jockey. Well-known men, the world over, look to the Barry Service for their tailoring needs.

If you would only give us the few moments it takes to mail us a postcard with your own name and address, there is no question as to who would make your next suit of clothes. The Barry Service bids for that privilege under guarantees that never leave your satisfaction in doubt for a single instant.

A £5-5-0
PURE NEW WOOL TWEED SUIT
FOR £2-0-0

MADE TO YOUR SPECIAL MEASURES.

STEPHEN DONOGHUE,
The World-Famous Jockey,
Dressed by BARRY.
(Photo by Press & Publicity Photographic Co.).

WHEREVER YOU RESIDE WE UNDERTAKE TO FIT YOU PERFECTLY.

HERE IS OUR UNIQUE PLEDGE: If after examining the excellent material, workmanship and finish of this wonderful £2 Barry Suit you are not of the opinion that it is the greatest bargain you have ever seen, we will refund not only the £2 paid, but 2/6 over and above that sum to compensate you for your trouble. Do not confuse this £2 Pure Wool Tweed Suit with the cheap sale goods so extensively being boomed in the London Press. It is something entirely different.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS.

Possibly you do not need a suit at the moment. No matter! Send for our patterns and booklet just the same, and you will then know where to go when you are in need of new clothes. As we have said, once you have seen our patterns and read the striking testimony of our gratified clients, the question of your next tailor is never in doubt.

A £5.5.0	An £8.8.0	100 Per Cent. Pure new Wool
Striped Flannel	Superfine	BLUE SERGE
SUIT	WORSTED SUIT	SUIT
to measure for	to measure for	to measure for
£2	£4.10	£3.10

If you cannot call personally, our SELF-MEASURE CHART is unfailing. You take your measures in the privacy of your home, select your cloth from the lovely range of patterns we shall send you, choose your style from the big selection of fashions we submit—and in seven days you will receive your suit carefully packed.

Sent at our risk entirely.

FREE The Patterns, Fashion Plates, Measure Chart are yours for the asking. Send us a postcard forthwith, when they will be sent per return.

WRITE OR CALL.
Those calling may be measured in our SHOW ROOMS.

S. A. BARRY & Co
(J.B. 1923), 26, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.
EXCLUSIVELY MEASURE TAILORS
Near Moorgate Tram and Tube Terminus.

A SEASIDE HOME FOR £50 CASH
at
PEACEHAVEN

"The Sussex Seaside Resort of Amazing Growth."

PEACEHAVEN OFFERS YOU

1. **A Home on your own Freehold Land by the Sea; Complete new modern labour-saving devices; Electricity for lighting, cooking, heating; Company water. From £400 inclusive. £50 cash and balance as rent.**
2. **Plots of seaside Freehold Land from £25 on the Harbour Heights Estate, in the most rapidly rising Community in Great Britain. Free Deeds and no Legal Charges. A fine investment for spare capital. Freehold Land on the older portion of the Peacehaven Estate has trebled and quadrupled in value during the past 18 months.**
3. **Unique Business opportunities await enterprising tradesmen, business people and professional men.**

OUR FREE OFFER COUPON

To the South Coast Land & Resort Co., Ltd. Peacehaven, Sussex
Forward me post free, your attractively illustrated three-colour brochure telling the full story of Peacehaven.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY.—You can do so under a half-penny stamp providing your envelope is marked "printed matter," and the flap is only tucked in.

John Bull. 4-8-23

Soothes and Heals the Baby's Skin

The skin of an infant is very tender—a prey to every kind of germ infection. Germolene soothes and heals eczema, rashes, sores and tender or inflamed skin surfaces.

Mrs. Williams's Signed Statement:

Mrs. M. Williams, of 1, Church Row, Dowlais, Glamorgan, writes as follows to the manufacturers of Germolene:—"My baby was seven months old when eczema broke out over his forehead, at the back of his head, and on his legs. It was terrible to see him scratching and tearing at himself. I tried everything that was recommended to me without avail, but at length I saw Germolene advertised, and sent for some. It soothed him at once and a few boxes completely cured him."

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

Germolene is matchless as a remedy for

Eczema, Psoriasis, Rashes, Piles, Itching, Ulcers, Cuts Eruptions, Cuts and Burns, Ringworm, Pimples, Chapped Hands, Chilblains

and all cut, bruised, tinting, or abraded surfaces.

Price 1/3 and 3/- per tin. From Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Germolene
The Aseptic Skin Dressing

JUNO CYCLES

Save your train fare!

FROM £4.15 CASH OR 10/- DOWN

Balance in 11 monthly payments of 10/-

CARRIAGE PAID.

FREE

Three-Colour Art Booklet post free on request. This Booklet gives full details of other models,

Guarantee Our 45 years' reputation.

THE JUNO CYCLE & MOTOR Co. Props: Metropolitan Machinists Co., Ltd., 302, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2

A WORD TO OUR READERS.

"John Bull" warmly recommends the appeal of St. Paul's Hospital and has itself sent a cheque for £20 towards the funds of this Institution. "John Bull" appeals to each and every reader for THEIR help. Give your practical support to this splendid cause. You may win a big prize—in any event you are assisting a deserving charity.

£1,000 for 1/-

St. Paul's Hospital

COMPETITION.

Get a book of Ten and ONE FREE TICKET —Thousands are entering this way,

SINGLE TICKETS 1/- each.

The Manager— ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL FUND, 10, Hospital Building, 23, Betterton Street, London, W.C.2

PRIZES.

Prize money deposited with the Bankers of the Fund.

1st Prize	£1,000	
2nd Prize	£500	
3rd Prize	£250	
4th Prize	£100	
5th Prize	£50	
6th Prizes of	£10	
50 Prizes of	£5	

A 10/- BOOK OF TICKETS ENTITLES YOU TO A FREE TICKET.

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name, and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

Betrayed by a Son

"MY first wife died when my son was nineteen. Two years later I was silly enough to fall in love with a young woman, not quite so old as my son. We married. I was, or thought I was, very happy again for a while. A baby girl was born to us, and I really began to feel quite young again myself.

"One never-to-be-forgotten day I returned unexpectedly and walked into my house, to find my wife sitting on my son's knees, and the baby calling him dada.

"The scene left me stunned for a few seconds. Then, O God, I decided like a flash that the baby girl was my son's. I said nothing. I stumbled out of doors. I have not been home since. I'm in lodgings. I don't know what to do."

"Humanist" says: *You have certainly been struck a staggering blow. But your intuition is not enough. Seek an explanation. If it is unsatisfactory your remedy is divorce. There are some misfortunes that may overwhelm a man and no ready-made solution is available.*

Broken-Hearted Mother

"SIX months ago a coloured man got six months in Durham for taking away my daughter under 16. She will be 16 in August. Now his six months are up I cannot sleep for thinking about him in case he comes for her again. He told the judge at Durham that I gave him a letter to take my daughter away, which I don't think a human mother would ever think of such a thing. My daughter is at home and never goes over the door."

"Humanist" says: *If the coloured man attempts to molest your daughter go straight to the police. He will probably give her a wide berth if he knows that public interest is centring in this very sad case.*

Tragedy of a Mother

"IN the early days of the war my only daughter, then a girl of 12½, was betrayed by a German medical student. She was then at school. My husband, a very sensitive nature, took the whole terrible trouble so deeply to heart that he went out of his mind, and is at present an inmate of a mental hospital. I managed to keep my home going by letting best part of it—but in order to get special treatment for both my husband and daughter, borrowed £25 from a moneylender. I have been unable to pay it, and unless I can get the money at once, they have issued a distress warrant, and I must lose my home.

"I may mention that at first I got into the hands of a moneylender who was lately exposed in JOHN BULL, and it was to repay him I went to the present one and got deeper in the mire. I have had to pay such heavy doctor's fees that it has taken all the money I had, hence my failure to pay this man, who is showing me no mercy. I am so upset and worried, I see in reading through this letter I have made a mistake—I received £15 in cash, the balance, making it £25, is for interest and costs—and the expenses are 10s. a day for the bailiff's man.

"I am asking him to hold it over for a day or so, to see if I can get the money. The expenses for my husband have nearly ruined me. I am nearly broken-hearted."

"Humanist" says: *Yours is certainly a tragic story. It seems almost useless to tell people not to go to moneylenders—they will do it, only to find that they have added to their troubles. Your daughter ought by now to be able to work and help you. Let me know if she is fit for employment, and for what. A case like yours should be put before the Home Office.*

The Generous Husband

"ALTHOUGH I had previously forgiven her for a similar offence, my wife left me for another man (to whom she has borne two children) three years ago.

"The man for whom she left me has now deserted her and I am constantly hearing pitiful stories of her plight.

"Now, 'Humanist,' I still love this woman—my wife in name—and should like to help her, but, of course, a reconciliation is impossible. I have just saved enough money for a divorce—and it seems hard to part with the money—I even denied myself tobacco to get it together.

"If I helped her financially would it affect any future divorce proceedings? Would the law hold that the act amounted to a condonation of her misdoing?

"And what would be my position if she applied to the Guardians for relief?"

"Humanist" says: *Helping your wife would not be a condonation of adultery. The Guardians will hold you responsible for your wife's maintenance. You are clearly entitled to a divorce.*

Charity Begins at Home

"I AM a mother of two children. My husband earns 28s., out of which I have to pay 3s. 6d. rent and 2s. for coal weekly.

"My husband now wants me to take into our home an illegitimate child of his sister, to feed and clothe free of cost. She has three such children and is now living with a man as his wife. He allows her £2 2s. each week for housekeeping, and she does a bit of dressmaking besides. My husband is determined to take this child in. What am I to do?"

"Humanist" says: *If your husband is so determined I am afraid you must submit, but first show him this. He should consider you and his own children above all else.*

Youth and Middle Age

"I AM a young man in charge of a department in a New York store. Under my jurisdiction is a middle-aged man. This old soul is frequently under the spell of liquor. He is married and his life on this earth has not always been rosy. He does important work and when he gets his spell I don't let him do any work for fear he may make a muddle of it.

"Now what am I to do? If I report him to my superiors, he will lose his job. Yet to leave him to go on will sooner or later reflect upon the department and myself. I have read quite a lot of your articles wherein you state caution, kindliness and not to be hard hearted, but under the circumstances I feel I would be justified in throwing an "irresponsible" man out of work at the age of 50.

"Humanist" says: *A drunken assistant in a dry State is rather a paradox. You have the double duty, to be kind to the man and fair to your employer. Warn him of the gravity of the position and ask him not to let you down. It is worth while taking a risk—to save a fellow-worker.*

Lost Money

"TWO weeks ago I made a purchase for a friend. My friend paid me the money, but I lost it. I am not in a position to pay the bill, being unemployed. It must be paid in seven days. I have no means and will not succumb to gambling. My only defence is your advice."

"Humanist" says: *Go to the shop and tell your story, promising to pay by instalments when you get work. If they give you credit they must take the risk. Try to get work.*

An Insane Wife

"I HAVE a male friend and my people think I should not see any more of him, as he is in a way a married man, one of those unfortunates whom the new Divorce Bill would make all the difference to. His wife a few years ago killed his children and tried to take her own life and is now in an asylum, an incurable lunatic.

"Is it wrong for me to give my sympathy and friendship to one whom I respect very highly and who I know enjoys my company as much as it is possible to in the right way under the circumstances? Thanking you for your kind advice and if possible a hope of freedom in the days to come."

"Humanist" says: *Certainly you are entitled to give the sympathy of a good woman to a man whose fate has been so hard. I think the day is coming when divorce in such circumstances will be legalised. But we move very slowly in even the most needed reforms.*

"HUMANIST" REPLIES

to those "Documents" not dealt with on the opposite page. Correspondents sending stamped addressed envelopes are answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient general interest to be helpful to others

Girl Dope Victim.

"A girl living in the next room to me in lodgings is addicted to dope. She begins to look awfully ill. She won't listen to my pleadings for her welfare. What can I do to help her, without getting her into serious trouble? I know the police will get her if she goes on much longer."

Enlist the sympathy of a doctor, who, if he cannot break her of the habit, might get her into a home. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies.

Peer in Danger.

"My father, an Irish peer, who has lost most of his money, is trying to get it back by associating himself with wild-cat schemes in the City. I am afraid that he will not only lose my patrimony but also his character."

Your father must have many able and influential friends in the peerage. Get them to use their influence with him, and save him from the fate of a titled guinea-pig.

A Medical Cad.

"An orphan girl, the doctor I am attending is pursuing me with indelicate suggestions and advances. He is married to an ailing wife and neglects her."

He is a cad. Change your doctor. A girl cannot easily fight a man like this on equal terms. You can at least baulk him of a victim.

The Scapegoat.

"A civil servant, I was asked to write for publication a statement boosting my chief. He has now repudiated it and me. If I protest I lose my prospects."

If you are the stuff of martyrs you will grin and bear it. If you are the stuff of heroes, you will fight. I give my opinion rather than my advice when I say that it is better to have fought and lost than never to have fought at all.

Children and Canada.

"My fiancé wants me to go to Canada to marry him—and leave my two children at home with my mother. I am a widow."

Leave your children with your mother, if you are sure she can support them. They can come out later.

Paternal Prejudice

"My mother has an income of her own. My father, a rural dean, has one of the best livings in the Church. Their only girl, I have earned my own living since sixteen. I am now unemployed and my mother tells me she cannot send me any money as father disapproves of my profession—a film actress."

I am sorry for you, but more so for your father. You will get through your difficulties, but he will probably never recover from so grave an attack of pride and prejudice. It is not everybody who can say that their parents have never given them a moment's anxiety.

Dilemma of a Doctor.

"My brother, a panel doctor, is, in my opinion, going off his head. I am his only sister and keep house for him and mother. Outsiders think him curious, but do not suspect the truth. What shall I do?"

Arrange privately with a mental specialist to see him—without his knowing the reason. You may be—I hope you are—quite wrong. Many of our panel doctors are overworked sorely and in danger of temporary breakdowns.

Employer's Inhumanity

"An assistant where I work had to have a day off on account of his father's death. He was stopped a day's pay, his master saying that the father's death was the loss of the employed and not the employer."

The employer is a brute. It was bad enough to stop the pay; to speak so unsympathetically was unpardonable. There are some people you cannot teach manners to decency.

Wife's Bigamy.

"My 'wife' at marriage described herself as a widow. Her husband is alive, though he has not seen her for fifteen years. Can she sue me for maintenance?"

No: She has committed bigamy and is not your lawful wife.

A Married Lover.

"I am 19 years of age and keep house for my father, who is a widower. About three months ago I met a young man, who says he loves me. I now learn he is a married man with two children, but living apart from his wife. He still wants me to keep company with him. What am I to do?"

No good can result from such a friendship. His place is with his wife, and he will bring you no real happiness. You should avoid him in the future.

Night Club Poison.

"After drinking pretty heavily in a night club I was ill for a week. I think I was poisoned by bad whisky. Have I any remedy?"

Yes. Keep away from this booby-trap. Some people get sense slowly and the lesson may be worth while for you.

Snobbery and Education.

"My father, an Irish landlord, wishes me to go to an English university to acquire an English accent. I am Irish and proud of it. I have refused to go."

Very well. Trinity College, Dublin, was good enough for Goldsmith and Burke and some others it is not necessary to mention here. It ought to be good enough for your father's son.

Problem of Conduct.

"My employer has married his maid. She was formerly my wife's maid and my wife dismissed her for dishonesty. My wife and I have now been asked to visit at my employer's house. Should we go?"

Certainly. Let by-gones be by-gones. Tact will prevent you from referring to the past; the laws of hospitality will prevent your hostess.

The Erring Sister.

"My sister, married to a retired colonel, is unfaithful to her husband, and has completely fallen under the influences of another man. My mother is broken-hearted, and dreads the publicity of a divorce case. Can we do anything to stop her mad folly?"

Appeal to her to cut adrift from the man. If that fails, appeal to the man to leave her alone. If that fails, appeal to the husband to save his wife. In the long run it is really his business.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

A "Hoare" Frost

by HARRISON OWEN

THE charge against Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary for the Air, was one of converting the taxpayers' money to improper uses.

In opening the case for the public, Mr. Watchdog, K.C., said that the charge was based on the second report of the Select Committee on Estimates. This report dealt with the Air Estimates and an examination of it suggested that the Air Ministry laboured under the delusion that the first duty of a flying service was to make money fly.

"It may surprise the jury to know," continued Mr. Watchdog, "that it takes 80 men to launch every British aeroplane, whereas the French ground staff is only 30. If this meant that we had a proportionately larger number of aviators than France, the situation would not be so bad, but, unfortunately, a large number of the men included in our Air 'Farce' are chaplains, dentists, cooks and so forth.

"The report of the Committee, for example, shows that the cost per head of training the 85 cadets at the Cranwell Flying School is £650, exclusive of the cost of flying training. When I mention that the catering staff at the school comprises a head chef, or commander-in-chef, a chef-of-staff, an assistant chef, two vegetable cooks and a miscellaneous collection of carvers, stewards, kitchen porters and scullery hands, the jury will be justified in assuming that plain living and aeroplane living are two very different things. If a kitchen staff of 49, costing £6,685 a year, is required for 80 cadets, the school must be turning out gourmands rather than airmen. Included in the staff, I observe, are four 'silver men,' whose duty, presumably, if the country is attacked from the air, will be to defend the Cranwell tea spoons and cruets to the last gasp.

"Another instance of gross extravagance is that the Air Attaché at Washington receives, in addition to his salary, £1,800 a year as an entertainment allowance and is not required to furnish particulars of how the money is spent. The imposition of this entertainment tax upon overburdened taxpayers is a crying, or rather, a flying, scandal. No wonder France is able to maintain the most powerful air force in the world for a fraction of the cost of our own, when money which should be spent on aeroplanes is squandered on 'Sampagne' and '*Hoare' d'œuvre*. I would like also to know why chaplains in the Air Force cannot attend to the spiritual needs of their flying flock without having two batmen to attend to their own material needs. Unless these things are satisfactorily explained I ask the jury to say that the accused is guilty."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, for the defence, said that Napoleon had laid it down that an army marches upon its stomach, and it was no less important to pay proper attention to the menu of a flying army. The objection to chaplains having two batmen could not be sustained, as at least one valet had to be in constant attendance to button the chaplain's collar at the back. He admitted that the entertainment allowance to the Air Attaché at Washington might appear somewhat high, but the jury would bear in mind the exorbitant prices charged for liquid assets in a country suffering from Prohibition.

The jury having returned a verdict of "Guilty," Mr. Justice Bull remarked that the Cranwell Air Forcing-house might be successful in cultivating social high-flying, but the demand of the country was for efficient skywaymen, not for "Hoare, Hoare" young gentlemen with the epicurian tastes of a Roman emperor. When Napoleon said that an army marches upon its stomach he did not imply that its stomach need be of a size and shape generally associated with City aldermen. Too many cooks were calculated to spoil any broth o' a boy entering the Air Force. Prisoner would be sentenced to six months' hard labour, to take the form of wood-chopping, in the hope that he would learn how to use an axe.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"DONCASTER CHRONICLE":—"C. Clark, greengrocer, was summoned for cruelly KATING a horse."

"ADVENTURE":—"Syd BIT HIS TEETH savagely to choke back the cry of pain which rose to his lips."

"BOY'S FRIEND":—"Every nerve in Jimmy's body quivered FROM THE TOUCH OF THE HOT IRON, but IT DID NOT TOUCH HIM."

"ROYAL MAGAZINE":—"The MAHOGANY table of DEAL, richly carved, split beneath the crash of his fist."

"WEEKLY DISPATCH":—"His TALL, thin, clean-shaven, eager FACE became more intense and earnest."

"GLASGOW DAILY RECORD":—"Grieve had RISEN TO HIS KNEES, and STOOD looking down at her in perplexity."

"WIZARD":—"If you feed your rabbits on DRY rolled oats at all, give it them WET, and only a very little."

"SURREY COMET" (advert.):—"Learner wanted, for laundry work; GIRL ABOUT 14."

"NEW" MAGAZINE:—"He went on till DARKNESS FAILED and then, lantern in hand, he followed on foot."

"SCIENCE AND INVENTION":—"It is by this test that I selected Chimp from among a DOZEN of his TWIN BROTHERS, and we could thereafter give him our undivided attention."

"WEST LONDON OBSERVER" (advert.):—"Smart YOUTH (17 or 18) to learn trade; must be quick at figures and of good appearance; good prospects to willing LADY."

"SHEFFIELD MAIL":—"A sentinel saw four individuals near the line, and, on investigation, found three were keeping watch, and the fourth, LYING FLAT ON HIS STOMACH, was digging away the earth under the sleepers. The soldier PROMPTLY KNOCKED HIM DOWN with the butt end of his rifle, and the others fled."

"HULL DAILY MAIL":—"The other day I saw a charabanc loaded with WIVES of working-class WOMEN."

BEARY comes back to the saddle next week, and I hope there will be a little more give and take in the jockeys' room. The jockeys as a rule are a band of brothers who are only too ready to let bygones be bygones. Mike has got to realise on his part that it is possible for him to serve his employers well without working the resentment of his fellow riders.

* * *

Prunus.

I note that somebody has been tipping my leased horse, Prunus, for a race at Goodwood. It does not run, and if it ran, it would not win. He may win a mile race, and he may run in the St. Leger. It is a million to one against his winning the latter event. He will be trying—trying not to be last.

* * *

May I thank the thousands of readers who have written suggesting alternative names for the colt which I suggested should be named "Ink."

* * *

£5 for You.

By the way it is time we had another little competition, and I will give £5 to the reader who sends me on a post card the

BEST PLACE TREBLE

for Alexandra Park. Postcards to reach me by Saturday morning. The winner will be the reader whose paper shows the most profit. Send as many cards as you like *in your own name. Noms de plume* will be disqualified.

* * *

Watch Denny.

I'm one of those who like old Ally Pally thought you can only see about three-fifths of the racing. By the way Donoghue may have a few winning mounts on Saturday. Watch him.

* * *

How does the busy bawling B—
Ookmaker love to lay
Upon his downy bed at night
And on the course all day.

* * *

May I tell the gentleman who has sent me a "poem," which he very kindly informs me that I can use under my own name (he adds darkly, "mums the word"), that I can write all the bad verse that JOHN BULL requires? Thank you all the same.

* * *

The Evergreen.

I met Mr. Jack Howcroft in London a few days ago, and I heard with some pleasure that he is going to have another season of refereeing. I hope he lasts many years yet, so that we can at least be assured of a little intelligent interpretation of the rules.

* * *

Stealing Our Name.

An enterprising person of Walthamstow—I will not call him a gentleman—is selling 2d. tips which are crudely inscribed "John Bull's Specials." I need hardly say that we "don't know him from a crow," and we give him fair warning to change his methods.

* * *

A Talk with a Trainer.

I had a little talk with Stanley Wootton the other day, and my distant impression of him is confirmed. He is by far the most "possible" of all the younger trainers. We were talking about apparent inconsistencies of form, and he (quite good-humouredly) took exception to the form of some paragraphs contributed to this page.

Those paragraphs were designed to show that the Jockey Club very rightly does not poke its nose into every piece of apparently inconsistent running, and the case of Dress Circle f. was cited. In reality, the running of Dress Circle f. was not inconsistent at all, for, barring the bad luck of the draw, and the fact that she lost lengths at the start, she should have been upsides with the winner at Windsor.

Many things happen in races that are not apparent from the stands. Only the jockey can tell of the little things that make all the difference between winning and losing a race.

* * *

The Beary-Boam Case.

I am not expressing any view on the action which Mr. Boam took against Mike Beary, but to my mind it is the kind which calls for the most drastic action on the part of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, for, in my judgment, such action challenged the authority of our Turf rulers and must eventually undermine their unique position.

* * *

Why Not?

It stands to reason that if the conduct of a jockey in a race results in a financial loss to an owner, and that loss is recoverable in a court of law, there is no reason why litigants should confine themselves to the matter of dead horses. If A stakes a thousand on a horse, which loses owing to the bad riding of B, is that thousand recoverable?

* * *

If X and Y are boxers and through a blow (outside the rules) X is incapacitated by Y, can he claim damages? You expect accidents in horse races, and though they are happily rare, we take them (and most owners take them) as

A TIP

Back JOSS HOUSE

In whatever Race he Runs.

Rowley Mile.

part of the game. Here is another point to illustrate the absurdity of "mixing" law and the rules of racing. Suppose A objects to B for crossing or for foul riding, and the objection is overruled, can B claim damages for libel?

* * *

One Sport—One Law.

One could multiply these possibilities indefinitely. Turf law, by which I mean the law that governs the conduct of horse racing, has its own penalties, and Beary certainly paid his when he was stood down for three months—a punitive measure that must have cost him from £2,000 to £3,000. One looks with confidence to the Stewards to make this kind of action very unfashionable!

* * *

Notes on Running.

Sun Charmer must be a pretty useful horse. I was told on the Saturday he won at Haydock: "Back him to-day and then back him to carry his penalty in the Liverpool Cup." Which I did. The disappointment of the race was Corcyrian; and he, like George Drake on the same day at Hurst Park, have evidently lost their form. George Drake ran a very bad horse, and Black Gown, as usual, "could but wouldn't."

* * *

It is an extraordinary fact as illustrating the queerness of racing that Platt, the trainer of Heliaster, had not won a handicap for two years!

* * *

An Unstryable Horse.

The Stewards' Cup is run the day before JOHN BULL is published, and it will be interesting to see how Epinard wins. The trainer of this horse says that Epinard is the most remarkable horse he has had in his stable. It is so fast over five furlongs that he cannot find a horse to try it!

* * *

A Terrific Weight.

Be that as it may, if Epinard has justified his week-end favouritism, he will have accomplished a remarkable and an unique performance. A three-year-old with 8st. 6lb. in the Stewards' Cup does not usually attract the professional backer, who wisely lays against miracles.

Sports and ... by ROWLEY

The Man who Knows.

And talking of professionals, one of the cleverest drew me aside at Hurst Park and told me that Bart Snowball was a racing certainty for the Stewards' Cup; and only a minute later I was talking to Mr. Miller, the owner, and he said that if one thing was more certain than another, it was that Bart Snowball did not run! So there you are.

NEWMARKET NOTES.

Goodwood Plate.

Lambton's selected will doubtless go very near winning this event. Silurian has plenty of weight, but is very useful, and I believe is better over this distance than the ten furlongs when he was just beaten by Triumph. Bucks Hussar thrives on work, and, being a thorough stayer, will be galloping when a lot of them are falling back. A similar remark applies to Ceinturon. The Villager is not badly handicapped, but unless the ground becomes to his liking I shall pass him over. Stanislaus will be winning a race of this description, if not this one, but I should prefer him a little later on. Apron and Sierra Leone will give way to their stable companions. The race will not take a lot of winning, and I think Lambton's selected will prove the best.

Sing'eton Handicap.

This race bears a very open appearance, and some useful sprinters will compete. Joss-House has missed several engagements, probably with a view to this. He has an undoubted chance on his Ascot running, and it will be a fairly good horse which beats him. He has been striding out well lately and is expected to score here. Ruysdael, if pulled out again, will go very close, and in any case he will pay to follow. I have a very high opinion of Polperro, who has not been out this year. This is a much-improved horse, and, judging by his home gallops, it will not be long before he earns winning brackets. In fact, nothing appeals to me more than Polperro, who, I am sure, will beat all the locally trained horses, and I take him to represent me.

Finden Stakes.

His Majesty runs a nice colt in Erne, who made his debut at our home meeting on the July course. He ran very well, and the race will have brought him along considerably. He will take a lot of beating here. Of Mr. Sol Joel's two, I think Sternlight will be sent in preference to Gay Angela, and, if that is so, I regard him as something like a good thing. There is no doubt he is better than Gay Angela, and I am pretty sure he will be Mr. Joel's selected, who will carry my vote.

Drayton Handicap.

In a good six-furlong spin this week Pondoland had the best of Polydor and Sicyon. He is heavily engaged, and if he is kept for this race I cannot say what is likely to beat him. Weathervane cannot, of course, be left out of calculations. He won the Hunt Cup like a good horse, and he can have strong handling here. Porus goes well, and both course and distance will exactly suit him. Blaguecur is very consistent and might be dangerous. I have a good opinion of Duteous, who ran better at Newmarket in the race won by Triumph than she was given credit for. To make up, I like nothing better than Pondoland, Weathervane, Duteous, in the order mentioned.

Polperro is also engaged on Thursday in a selling event, and, if kept for this must on no account be missed.

Johnny Crapaud, a three-year-old trained by S. Darling, has missed several engagements, and I believe his next appearance will be the Stand Plate Handicap at Catterick on Saturday. His previous form is very bad, but he has been going in such good style lately with Prince Herod, that he must have come on considerably. I shall be surprised if he does not win.

One of J. Jarvis' two-year-olds, Old Laird, was a big tip for a selling event at Newmarket. He was made favourite but did not win. I have reason to think that he will do better next time out. He is engaged at Alexandra Park on Saturday, and, if sent, should not be allowed to run loose.

Doric's next outing will be in the St. Leger, and if all goes well I think he will start favourite and win. The course and distance will suit him admirably; he is quite well and is going in real good style.

Knight of the Garter is being reserved for Goodwood. This is the best two-year-old in the Egerton House stable, and looks like developing into a good horse. There is plenty of size and quality about him, and it is quite possible the King may have another Derby winner next year.

Procyon has been seen out twice, but was not seriously fancied on either occasion. He is a big, fine Sunstar colt, a late foal, and was not broken in until after racing had commenced. Since then he has come on by leaps and bounds and he cannot fail to win races.

Patras was very much fancied to win at Newmarket, but could not act on the hard ground. He is engaged at Goodwood, but he should be left out until going is much better.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS

GOODWOOD (Wednesday).

1.30 Friar (Tudor King, Portsoy).
2.15 Vermena (Run Honey).
2.45 Silvester (London Cry, Cottage).
3.15 White Bread (Jennie Wise g., Colesberg).
3.45 Tremola (Sicyon, Crowdennis).
4.15 Joss-House (Wild Mint, Lady Clara).
4.45 Diophon (Druid's Orb, Ducks & Drakes).

GOODWOOD (Thursday).

1.30 Straitlace (Pittendynie, Appleby).
2.15 Chronometer (White Bread, Heron).
3.0 Bucks Hussar (Happy Man, Flint Jack).
3.30 Royal Hussar (Longden, Unison).
4.0 Mouse-Trap (Thorndown, Miss Margot).
4.30 Tippler (Spring Running).

GOODWOOD (Friday).

1.0 Shrove (Crispena).
1.45 Joss-House (Belaire, La Lumiere).
2.30 Jackdaw of Rheims (Sir Greysteel, The Carpenter).
3.0 Heverswood (Righteous, Piltdown).
3.30 Parth (Tudor King).
4.0 Mumtas Mahal (Parmenio).

CATTERICK BRIDGE (Friday).

1.30 Hidden Gun (Iron Band).
2.0 Earl Marshall (Tonio).
2.30 Gentleman (Lord Penzance).
3.0 Snow Crest (Bold Buck).
3.30 Oakwood (Glow c.).
4.0 Silver Band (Ornamentation).

CATTERICK BRIDGE (Saturday).

1.30 Montbringilla (Ecstasy).
2.0 Jude (Toyotama).
2.30 Venetian Rose (Grey Lady).
3.0 Baalbek (Shady Lake).
3.30 Orland (Perhaps So).
4.0 House of Keys (Cissy Bank).

ALEXANDRA PARK (Saturday).

1.15 Lord of Burghley (Riveter).
2.0 Azimuth (No Hurry).
2.30 Ecstasy (Versine).
3.0 Heron (Lackey).
3.30 Envoy (Golly Eyes, Otford).
4.0 Bon Secour (Katie).
4.30 Ursis (Houdale).

Sportsmen

MILE

Lieutenant, who was thought a good thing for the Bury Handicap at Newmarket and was backed accordingly, had his race well won and then turned it up. He is one I shall have little to do with for the future.

Calandria c. has missed several engagements lately, and, if seen out for a selling event, should be followed. This colt has been fairly well galloped, and a note should be made of him.

Spring Running had all the bad luck there was when he ran third to Tryst at Pontefract. He was thought a lot of in the spring, but suffered more than the usual time with sore shins. He is striding out well again now and will be placed to win before long.

Maple Sugar has been subjected to plenty of long distance gallops, and although all his previous races have not been beyond five furlongs, there is no doubt about his stamina. He should be followed in the near future, and will probably win at Folkestone.

Football ! !

Our football correspondent writes:—This week, professional footballers in most cases reported for duty, and they are now busy in removing traces of four months' idleness. It may seem a bit early for a physical overhauling, but some of the big fellows need as much work as a St. Leger candidate to get into condition. Meanwhile, the players are anxious about the weather. Many of them can still remember that opening day of the season some fourteen or fifteen years ago, when the temperature was round about 90, and dozens of men had to leave the field, "done in."

No Revolutions.

The close season has brought no revolutions with it. A few officials have been "warned off" for irregularities—somebody is sure to be unlucky enough to be found out!—and a few clubs have been fined. But the proposed change in the offside rule has been temporarily shelved, and not many "big" players have shifted their quarters. Many offers were made, but the prices asked for some men were appalling.

A Tip for Aberdare.

Being an old friend and warm admirer of Frank Bradshaw, I wish him luck in his new job as manager of Aberdare. If the players of that club listen to his advice, and are capable of acting on it, they are in for a good season. The trouble with some is that they "don't know and won't learn," as a certain Indian Army brigadier so expressed his opinion of me while I was a temporary gentleman. Bradshaw, by the way, is probably the only man in the world who slept with the English Cup under his bed. That is another story.

Help for Punters.

I have received an ultimatum from an anonymous reader to the effect that, if we do not run football competitions during the winter, he will give up buying the paper. And bang goes tuppence, because we have no such intentions. What we are going to do is to let our expert mark your football papers. In other words, we are going to help the football punter to make money.

After Dempsey's Laurels.

The fight arranged between Dempsey and Firpo will probably provide the first real test for the champion. Gibbons shook up Dempsey in the recent encounter, but the big husky Firpo from the Argentine should take a lot of beating. It is very questionable, in fact, whether he *will* be beaten.

Another giant who has been yearning for a long time to meet Dempsey is Harry Wills, the black. But for the colour ban now ruling, Wills might have shown what he is made of. His day may yet come.

A Gallant Loser.

The defeat of Eugene Criqui by Johnny Dundee, incurring the loss of the feather-weight championship of the world, is a sad blow to French boxing prestige. It may be argued that there was an element of fluke about the conquest by Siki of France's other boxing idol; but there is no shadow of doubt that Criqui was beaten by a better man. But he fought gamely and fairly, and went down with his colours flying, as every good sportsman should.

HORSES TO NOTE.

Jess House (4 yrs.).—This horse, whose forward running at Ascot is not yet forgotter forfeited an engagement at Leicester with a view to Goodwood, where he should not be missed.

Tuscar Rock (2 yrs.).—Gilpin has of late been devoting a good deal of attention to this colt, who in fullness of time will prove himself a much better animal than his form up to the present seems to suggest.

Lord Penzance (5 yrs.).—An unlucky horse whose next outing may take place in the north of England, where the company may be more to his liking than that he has been accustomed to encounter in the south.

Arcade (2 yrs.).—Being a son of Tracery and Doro, this colt is an own brother to Dorie, and in several recent spins with Tippler he has acquitted himself in a manner which suggests that he is within reasonable hail of the first class.

Procis (5 yrs.).—So far this season this mare has failed to show to any advantage. She is now, however, rapidly nearing her best, and can be placed to win a T.Y.C. handicap.

Lady Violette (4 yrs.).—This mare was sent over from Ireland ostensibly with a view to taking part in the Great Central Handicap at Haydock Park. For some reason she did not run, but she is worth keeping an eye upon for any engagement she may fulfil in this country.

Despatch (2 yrs.).—Beckhampton is very strong in the two-year-old department this season, and this colt, according to rumour, is not far from being the best of Fred Darling's young ones.

Virgin Gold (3 yrs.).—Since carrying off a minor event at Newcastle, this colt has twice been the victim of a certain amount of bad luck. He may make amends next time out.

Santolina (2 yrs.).—This filly does not appear to have been greatly fancied when running at the Newmarket July Meetings, but she ran well, nevertheless, and should certainly win in her turn.

Piltdown (2 yrs.).—Hailing from an unfashionable stable, this colt may "pop up" one of these days at a good price. He is within measurable distance of the top of the tree among juvenile "platers."

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

Bold and Bad was well named. He is a horse of moods.

* * *

Judging by recent happenings, it should be good business to follow Martin Hartigan's apprentice, Gordon Richards, until he loses the 5lb. allowance.

* * *

Isle of Wight, who seemed to be qualifying for the "warning off" sentence meted out some years ago to Quantock, has probably run his last race on the Flat. His attention is to be turned to hurdle jumping.

* * *

It is "Archie" Falcon's great ambition to make of Tremola a successful sire. Consequently, the horse's future efforts may be confined to weight-for-age races.

* * *

Ironbridge, whose action when walking suggests the proverbial "cat on hot bricks," forfeited an engagement at Leicester last week, presumably with a view to the "Sussex fortnight."

* * *

That popular owner, Mr. "Jimmie" de Rothschild, had a good race over The Basilisk at the Newmarket Second July Meeting. The filly will win again.

SECURITY
AND
CHARLES VILLIERS
CHAPMAN
(Member of the leading Sporting Clubs)

What the Press says:
THE SPORTSMAN—"During the whole of his career as a Turf Accountant no unsatisfied claim has ever been made against him. He employs a large capital in his business, which enjoys a high reputation for fair dealing and integrity."
THE SPORTING LIFE.—"The business of Mr. Chapman is one of the very largest of its kind in the world. Obligations are fully and honestly met."

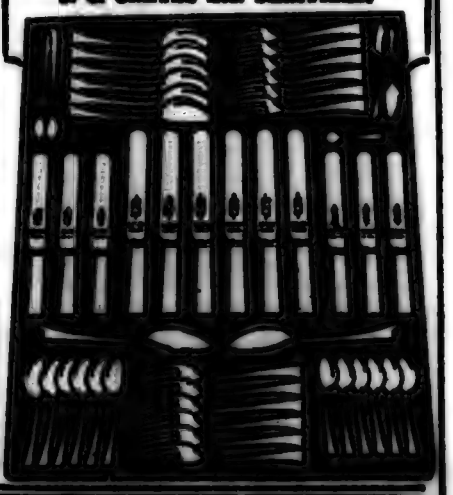
STARTING PRICE ACCOUNTS OPENED
NO LIMIT WHATSOEVER on Singles, Doubles, Trebles and Accumulators (Win and Place). Wires lost in transmission are allowed in full.
ONE-THIRD ODDS FOR A PLACE ON FUTURE EVENTS.
WRITE FOR LIST OF PRICES.
Settlements by Banknotes or Cheque, at Option of Clients.
Write for Terms, stating requirements, to
58a, BROMPTON RD., LONDON, S.W. 3
Phone No.: 9880 KENSINGTON (2 lines)
Grams: "Repayable, Knights, London."
NOT REPRESENTED ON ANY RACE COURSE.

BET WITH THE BIG TWO.
DAVID COPE AND ALFRED H. MAURICE,
25, North Albion St., GLASGOW.
CES. & CAMB.
FREE! £1000 FREE!
TO NOTHING!!!
Send at once for particulars.
Letter Commission. Daily Settlements.
NO LIMIT.
For Credit Accounts only apply to:—
DAVID COPE, 97 Fleet St., London, E.C.

Established 26 Years.
MESSRS.
WHITE, FISHER & CO.,
144B, West Regent Street, GLASGOW.
Cesarewitch & Cambs
AND
All Future Events.
Price Lists Issued Daily.
One-third the Odds a Place.
£1,000 Bonus
Write for Bridget Book of Rules.

Strength
Splendid abounding health comes from good rich blood and nerves leaping with force and vigour. Blood to be rich must have iron, and nerves to be strong must be abundantly supplied with phosphate. Those who lack these two vital elements are pale, listless and well-nigh useless; they cannot think clearly; they cannot act decisively . . . their need is Blood-Iron Phosphate! This product combines strength-giving phosphate with blood-enriching iron—both in a form the system can absorb. Get a 3/- package from your chemist; take as directed and watch your improvement day by day.

If your Chemist cannot supply, order direct from the International Chemical Co., Ltd., Munster Sq., London, N.W.1.
See this design on every package.
Blood-Iron Phosphate gives strength to think & act

GRAVES
STAINLESS
CUTLERY AND SILVER.
QUALITY TABLE PLATE.
This Direct-from-Factory offer brings the luxury of genuine Stainless Cutlery & artistic Table Plate within the reach of all.
PERFECT CUTLERY VALUE IN THE WORLD
5/-
We Deliver the Canteen "PERFECTA" Service comprising 43 pieces as illustrated, carriage paid to approved orders on receipt of 5/- with order. The balance is payable in 12 Monthly Payments of 5/- if you are entirely satisfied. Money instantly refunded if you are disappointed.
Write for Catalogue of genuine Sheffield Cutlery (including stainless specialities) & Electro-Silver Table Plate
S. H. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.


OVER-FATNESS
A simple, safe and unfailing home treatment. Send a postcard for booklet giving full description and directions of Dr. Cathcll's 25 day treatment, 7/6.
ALFRED BISHOP, Ltd., 42, Seelman Street, London, E.1.

ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FURNESS, WITHY & COMPY., LTD.

The meeting of Furness, Withy and Co., Ltd., was held on July 26th, at Furness House, E.C. Sir Frederick W. Lewis, Bt., presided, and in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that those who had any knowledge of the shipping industry in particular, and trading conditions generally, would not be surprised to see that the profits had been reduced by £182,026. The outlook being so uncertain, the directors had very reluctantly decided that they would be lacking in prudence if they distributed the same sum in dividend and bonus as had been their custom for the past seven years. Nevertheless, they were distributing 7½ per cent., free of income tax, on the ordinary shares, which, in all the circumstances, must be regarded as satisfactory. As was the case last year, a very small proportion of their profits was derived from steamers which they owned. Fortunately they were not entirely dependent upon shipping for revenue, but should there be any considerable revival in the shipping trade, their company was as well equipped and as firmly established as it ever had been, and they had resources at their disposal that would enable them to take the fullest advantage of any improvement. It was one of the first principles of business to keep abreast of the times, and considerations such as these had led the directors recently to place contracts for new tonnage for two trades in which they were interested, and the fleet had been modernised and brought up to date. He regretted that he could not hold out any very encouraging hopes of substantial improvement as regarded the current financial year. They were unfortunately more or less helpless in bringing about any trade revival, and the only thing they could do was to concentrate their energies on reducing expenditure. He was glad that the Government had found it possible to grant some small measure of relief from the heavy burden of taxation, and also that the Government had introduced a clause in the Finance Act opening up the possibilities of reciprocal ship taxation arrangements with the United States.

The report and accounts were adopted.

Reduced Prices—
8d., 1/2
2/-
PER TIN

TO be brisk, bright, buoyant and perfectly fit, take Wills' Salt regularly EVERY morning. It will keep you free from those little ailments which undermine health and make life a burden. Good for children as well as adults.

WILLS' SALT

Sold by—

Boots

OVER 560 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

J.B.1.

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LIMITED.

Our Letter Parliament

Wherein Our Readers Air Their Views

Redeeming the Past.

"It is a hard thing to snap the threads of a man's social and industrial life, to snap the ties of home, family, and friends, and to remove a man for a period from the life of a community," says Lord Chief Justice Hewart, and it is true. But hardest, my lord, for him who falls is the attitude of the world of respectables towards one who might, if given the chance, redeem a soiled past. Our present prison system is calculated not to reform offenders but permanently to establish a race of habitual criminals whose existence is a disgrace and an enormous cost. Cannot something be done?—*M. B. E., Manchester.*

Virtues of Modern Girls.

The statement so often made that modern girls are worse than their mothers should be definitely refuted. Modern girls may lack the reticence of manner, softness of speech, and adherence to domestic virtues that characterised their mid-Victorian mothers, but they have developed more forceful and attractive personalities. They have shed their ignorance and sunk their prejudices, banished dowdiness and said good-bye to dependence—with the result that we have an improved type of woman, better informed, more self-reliant, smarter and more engaging. Their self-assertiveness is a testimony to their emancipation from an unjust subjection.—*Miss Tovell, Diss, Norfolk.*

Permanent Limpets.

Governments may come and governments may go, but the permanent officials, like the poor, are with us always. A change of government at an election means a change of departmental figure-heads, but little or no change in the departmental staffs. In other words, it scarcely matters which party happens to be in power—the permanent officials just carry on as usual. Small wonder that each successive government finds it increasingly difficult to redeem its election pledge of economy.—*G. T., Berwick.*

Taking Fees for Nothing.

A great number of people are under the impression that if letters containing money enclosed in an ordinary envelope are registered, and are lost in transit, the value of the contents is recoverable. The Postmaster-General has recently announced: "The Post Office accepts no liability for any loss under these circumstances. It is only when official registered envelopes are used that compensation for loss will be given." This being so, the authorities should discontinue accepting registration fees without liability for loss.—*A. B., Southfields.*

Fines for Non-voters.

None of our elected bodies represent us properly; no Municipal Council, no elected Road Board, not the House of Commons itself. Why? Because the election of candidates is decided on the majority vote of the persons who actually go to the poll—often a very small proportion of the persons entitled to vote. Years ago a Belgian expressed his surprise that we had not adopted the system of his country which gets over the difficulty in a very practical way. "If I do not go and put a paper in the ballot box," he said, "I get a summons in a day or two. I have to go before the police magistrate and having no defence to the charge of not fulfilling my duty as a citizen, I am fined five francs." Why not try that system here?—*Q., Johannesburg.*

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Free Advertisements.

Many tradespeople impress a rubber stamp advertising their trade upon the back of all Treasury notes coming into their possession. The rapid circulation of the notes therefore gives them an excellent free advertisement. The idea if generally adopted would soon deface our paper currency. If the practice is legal a charge for such advertisement might be made by the Government. If such action is illegal, the offenders should be punished for taking advantage of their more considerate competitors.—*H. S. D., Havant.*

Cheaper Railway Fares.

The London County Council's tramways running at an advanced charge during 1921-22, had a deficit. At the end of 1922 to 1923, on a reduction of fares, they showed a surplus of £280,250. If fares are lowered and increased revenue results, why is not the same policy applied to railways?—*Alfred Lovibond, Yeovil.*

Killjoys' Sunday.

Games played on Sunday are more health-giving than those played at other times. The air is purer. The factory stacks are not then belching forth their polluting volumes. Psalm-droning in muggy little bethels is as healthy as the conscientious objector's noble game of tiddley-winks, and as good for the soul; for the bodily inactivity produces that torpid liver which causes most of the mugwumps' jaundiced observations. Come out then into God's sunshine. You do not keep the Sunday holy by killing other people's joy.—*P. J. Mulgrew, Latchford, Warrington.*

The Curse of Methylated Spirit.

It is amazing to all who know the seriousness of the matter that the authorities are apparently apathetic and indifferent towards the prevalence of the methylated spirit scandal in the North. Something should be done to save those whom the vile poison is destroying body and soul. Physical and moral ruin quickly follows indulgence in a beverage which is popular amongst a class because it is cheaper than whisky. Legislation should be passed to make it difficult for the spirit to be used for drinking purposes.—*C. E. D., Sheffield.*

A Letter You Must Read.

19, Park Street.
Mounts, Northampton.
July 21st, 1923.

Dear Sirs,

May I take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the "John Bull" Treasure Book of Knowledge.

It is a treasure to own, and a pleasure to read, not like the old dry-as-dust text books which bore one stiff. Yes, it invites one to read on and on. It is certainly a triumph of the printer's art, also for all who have helped, and contributed to this valuable work.

Yours truly,
(signed) W. WALKER.

See "John Bull's" special offer to send the Treasure Book of Knowledge FREE

See page 23.

A Slur on the Fire-fighters.

Once more the papers are giving publicity to another fire brigade dispute. Again it is a question of "just over the boundary."

Fire is a terrible enemy to mankind, and, if the authorities concerned with fire-fighting are allowed to quibble and question whilst our homesteads—possibly human lives—are at stake, then their conduct is criminal. It must not be tolerated. Such instances as the one referred to are very disturbing, and cast a slur on a very gallant body of men, who, were it not for stupid regulations, are ready to sacrifice their lives in the course of their duty. Some amicable arrangement should be come to between the different authorities, so that in emergencies these unfortunate incidents are avoided. Indeed, legislation should be introduced enforcing this elastic principle in the case of fires occurring on boundaries.—*M. W. Gill, York.*

A Game for All.

More municipalities ought to be running putting-greens similar to the 18-hole ones that are in many seaside towns. Here at last is an easy and healthy game that can be played by man or woman—young or old. In Scotland most towns have these greens, and whole families play on them. The cost of maintenance by the town is very small, and the charge to the players is only 2d. a round. For good open air exercise and enjoyment, the putting-green is hard to beat.—*J. W. D., London.*

The Doleless Out-worker.

When will the Government get a move on and get the Unemployment Act altered so as to bring in the out-worker? In the tailoring trade the man who works on the premises of his employers comes under the Act, but the man who takes his work home does not come under the Act. The result is that if the out-worker loses his employment he receives no help, whereas the in-worker can go to the Labour Exchange and get the dole.—*J. C., Taunton, Somerset.*

Do Babies Bring Happiness?

A great deal of twaddle is talked by celibate priests anent babies. If they really bring happiness, every woman should annually present her husband with one; and by the same token our bachelor ecclesiastics should enter the marriage state and aim at a "quiverful." Life holds no greater tragedy than that of the harassed wife who sees the charms that once attracted her husband ruthlessly destroyed by the ravages that nature makes in the so-called "mission of woman's life." And it does not end there. To watch one's offspring wilt away for want of proper nourishment, adequate clothing and the essential requisites of child life, is agony to which little else is comparable. Hence the childless wife who can retain those physical and mental attributes that delight her partner possesses incalculable advantages over her child-bearing sister.—*Mrs. H. G., Birmingham.*

Real Cause of Unemployment.

No country is so favourably situated for trade and commerce as Great Britain. It is humiliating therefore that other nations less favourably situated can beat us. Why? Simply because they work longer hours. Surely labour leaders might give more intelligent consideration to the bad economic results of restricted output. Until they do the spectre of unemployment will haunt us, for restriction is undoubtedly the real cause of it.—*J. B., Clerkenwell.*

Dare you be frank with yourself for five minutes?

A LACK of general knowledge is a subject about which no man can deceive himself for long. Sooner or later, his ignorance is sure to find him out. Someone may ask his opinion of a book, about which he has never even heard. A subject may be mentioned about which he is totally ignorant.

We have all been victims of the "awkward moment" when we were unable to give an intelligent reply. We all know the bore who is unable to join in a conversation because of his lack of general knowledge. A good fund of general knowledge is vital to success in life.

Isn't it worth while finding out exactly where *you* stand? Be frank with yourself and spend five minutes in trying to answer the questions on this page, selected at random from the "John Bull" Treasure Book of Knowledge.

Accept "John Bull's" offer to send the Book

FREE!

The "John Bull" Treasure Book of Knowledge is an entirely new and up-to-date work containing an amazing wealth of material vital to your success in life. It is as full of facts as an encyclopædia—as full of interest as a romance. Until you have begun reading the "John Bull" Treasure Book of Knowledge you cannot know how truly fascinating a work of this nature can be.

By acquiring the sole rights of The Treasure Book of Knowledge, and by ordering a colossal edition, "John Bull" is able to offer this sumptuous work to its readers, for a limited time only, at the privileged price of 7s. 6d.

Our offer last week to send the Book on Free Approval, so that "John Bull" readers could examine it before paying for it, was so widely appreciated that we have decided to extend this special concession for a further 10 days.

All we ask you to do is to send 1/- to cover the cost of postage and packing, and to undertake to return the work in new condition within 2 days if you should decide not to keep it.

Here is an opportunity for you to sit quietly in your armchair and examine this great masterpiece in your home—to see for yourself its luxurious limp leather binding—to dip into a few of the contents and to be astonished at the vast Treasure House of Knowledge that has come into your possession.

No "John Bull" reader should miss securing this Book on the wonderful terms on which it is offered this week.

Fill in the Form below and post it to-day.

Remember this special offer is available for 10 days only.

The Wonderful Scope of the Book.

How to get Knowledge.
How to achieve success in your trade or business.
All about things in everyday life.
Reading between the Lines of Law Reports.
Foods you ought to eat.
Occupations for your Boys.
How to get value for Money in Food.
What the World is.
The Meaning of Money.
How to Invest.
How Bills get through Parliament.
How Science is Mastering Disease.
The World's great Writers, Painters, Musicians.
What Town Planning will mean to you.
All about Broadcasting.
Nationalisation.
How to get the most out of your Public Library.
Etc. etc. etc.

THE BOOK in BRIEF.

Handsomely bound in genuine Yapalpi brown limp leather, 823 pages, 8 colour plates, 32 full-page monochromatic illustrations, and 72 text illustrations. 7½ in. deep by 5½ in. wide, weight 3½ lbs.

Note the Luxurious Limp Leather Binding. Illustration much reduced.

A £1-1-0 Book for 7/6

How many Questions Can You Answer?

What great industry came to Europe in a Walking stick?

Where is Salt a Government monopoly?

Can you tell the difference between Cane Sugar and Beet Sugar?

A sound knowledge of every-day law may save you pounds. What do you know about it?

What people think beer is made from hops. Isn't it?

Do you know the difference between a debenture and a preference share?

What gives Egyptian Tobacco its peculiar properties?

Are there volcanoes in Scotland?

When is tapioca poisonous?

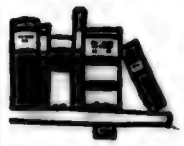
Why is champagne expensive?

Why are British Consols not paid off by the Government?

What does "rate of exchange" mean?

Why does your kettle have a copper bottom?

Can the blind be made to see?



What do you know about the world's greatest books?

When was the Bank of England a political organisation?

What is a cestlus an ecstasy?

Did Sir Walter Raleigh introduce tobacco into England?

What is the difference between libel and slander?

What is Jactitation of marriage?

What is the best way to apply for a position?

What insect kills babies in England?

How much a year does your wife waste on worthless foods?

When was rent paid in Pepper?

May a boy of 14 contract a valid marriage?

How can a husband repudiate his wife's contracts?

The "Daily Express" says:—

"*The Treasure Book of Knowledge*, price one guinea, is a veritable mine of information. Problems that are ever present in the life of to-day are dealt with by experts."

The "John Bull" Treasure Book of Knowledge may be obtained for 7s. 6d. if called for at any of the addresses of the "John Bull" Pen Shops given below:—LONDON: 87, Long Acre; 72, New Oxford Street; 283, Strand; 123, High Holborn; 1, Cannon Street Station Approach. PORTSMOUTH: 214, Commercial Road.

Available for 10 days only.

PRESENTATION FORM—VALUE 13/6

To "John Bull" Treasure Book Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please send me one copy of the £1 1s. (One Guinea) JOHN BULL Treasure Book of Knowledge on Free Approval. I enclose 1/- to cover cost of postage and packing. I undertake either to return the book in new condition within three days or to remit the special purchase price of 7/6. I am over 21 years of age.

NAME .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

ADDRESS .....

.....

Please State if a Householder..... *DATE* .....

An Edition-de-Luxe of the Treasure Book with Gilt Edges can be supplied for 2/- extra. Those requiring this edition upon approval should send 4/- with their application (3/- to cover extra cost of book and 1/- for postage and packing).

N.B.—Those who wish to send full payment for the Book should forward the following: Ordinary Edition, 8/6; Edition de Luxe, 11/6. (These amounts both include 1/- for postage and packing.)

The Free Approval offer applies only to persons residing in the United Kingdom and the Irish Free State. Foreign and Colonial readers must send the full purchase price and enclose an additional 2s for postage and packing.

Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "*J. & Co.*" and made payable to JOHN BULL.

J.B. 4.8.23.

John Bull's Letter Bag

Letters must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

S. R. (Barrow).—"When my wife gets argumentative I put on my hat and go out." Safety first!

F. F. (Liverpool).—"Popular music is always cheaper than classical." Possibly that's why it's popular.

R. K. (Folkestone).—"The average woman is not so tall as the average man." That's so as she can look up to him.

M. C. (Carlisle).—"The men who smoke are essentially selfish." And they can put *that* in their pipe and smoke it.

B. M. (Manchester).—"Twopence is too much for a receipt stamp." Still, we must stick it.

W. A. T. (Sheffield).—"Things in general are past speaking about." Wish the wife thought so.

T. A. W. (Penge).—"I don't like stand-offish girls." We prefer them sit-downish ourselves.

A. K. B. (Bayswater).—"I am having a shooting holiday this year." Fine! Then we may expect some cigars?

H. W. (Paisley).—"Boots a size too large wear longer." They certainly look longer.

PAT (Small Gains).—"Where's the sense in 'Yes! We have no bananas?'" It's not meant to be sense, it's a song.

J. L. (Appledore.)—"The fruit's coming along nicely lately." Yes, sir! We saw some coming along to Covent Garden ourselves this morning.

A. O. F. (Hull).—"Everything has changed, and for the worse, since I was a boy." And as you've changed a good deal yourself since you were a boy, Dad—

C. E. D. (Hastings).—"I always notice that editors of papers are most fearful cranks." Verily, it takes a crank to find a crank.

W. H. (Colchester).—"A little light reading cheers one up." On the other hand, a perusal of the gas bill invariably depresses us.

T. K. (Leeds).—"I know dogs that have more sense than some men." Righto! Now we'll take it as a compliment when we're called a dog.

T. I. (Bilston).—"I want a house in the first place." We know a lot of folk who would be glad of a house in any place.

ENGLISH GIRL (—).—"If a Chinaman has a white wife it's nobody's business but the girl's." Fools must be protected against themselves.

FRANK (Balham).—"The food thrown away at the large London hotels and restaurants is terrible." Shouldn't be a bit surprised if that's why it's thrown away.

T. R. P. (Durham).—"Germany must foot the bill." Or get the boot.

OBSERVANT (Glasgow).—"What are our pig-headed councillors doing?" Probably trying to save their bacon.

A. E. C. (Camberwell).—"The Socialists want a paradise, but where are the angels?" Heaven knows!

M. M. (Blackham).—"All over rural England the hay is lying in the fields waiting to be carted in." Meanwhile the farmers are in the cart.

J. C. (Guildford).—"I have read JOHN BULL for a good many years off and on." Then you've read it here and there, now and then?

W. V. (Largs).—"You strike me as a peace-loving soul." And, being peace-loving, we never strike anybody.

TADDY (Dagenham).—"We get smells here that are most offensive." There's more in this than meets the eye.

T. C. R. (Bishopsgate).—"Nebeceezar has been undone." Which reminds us the lawn mower wants sharpening.

O. W. (Camberwell).—"Labour Exchange officials would drive you to drink." We're quite prepared to walk.

ANXIOUS (Morpeth).—"Would you like to know exactly how the mark has fallen?" Yes, send us a photograph.

O. J. W. (Liverpool).—"A bathing costume may cover a multitude of sins." And leave a multitude of skins uncovered.

J. A. W. (Upper Tooting).—"Many people throw their evening paper into the gutter." Perhaps they think that the most suitable place for it.

PERCY (Widnes).—"I should think this was the last place ever made." You mean there is some slight room for improvement?

J. C. P. (S.E.).—"The African Progress Union is taking steps to remove these undesirable negroes." Good! Then the African Progress Union is justifying its existence.

W. G. (Laindon).—"In my bungalow you've to pass through the kitchen to get from the drawing room to the dining room." In ours, you just stay where you are.

J. S. L. T. (Leith).—"Why not copy the American idea as regards the delivery of milk." So long as we don't copy the American idea regarding the non-delivery of certain other fluids, we've no objection.

K. S. (Tipton).—"What is life without love!" Marriage, frequently.

G. C. (Burnley).—"Most of the Yanks who visit our shores spend a lot of money." It's their Ellis D. Island, so to speak.

F. H. (Bath).—"One man's word is as good as another's." And two men's is twice as good.

A. T. L. (Glastonbury).—"I'm not so young as I was." And we're not so old as we hope to be.

MOLESWORTH (Stoke).—"Forgive me absorbing your valuable time." Your obvious thirst for knowledge excuses you.

V. M. (Manchester).—"I believe only half I hear." But how do you know which half to believe?

CONSTANT READER (Failsworth).—"Why not allot one page of JOHN BULL every week to sports only." But practically all readers of JOHN BULL *are* sports.

T. S. B. (Huddersfield).—"It's a certainty that eventually Britain will get its own back." Then we can put our shirt on it.

G. B. (Upton Park).—"Telephone girls don't seem to know their business." Perhaps because they're so busy listening-in to ours.

S. P. N. (Redcar).—"Who mends the single man's clothes?" He doesn't have them mended. He can afford to buy new ones.

TUBBY (Ilford).—"This country's enough to make the angels weep." Perhaps you're right. Our typist burst into tears when she read your letter, anyhow.

W. S. (Letchworth).—"It takes me all my time to keep the dogs out of the garden." And it takes us all our time to keep the wolf from the door.

S. M. T. (Birmingham).—"The day comes when the dreamer has to come down to Earth." Dash these banana skins.

D. C. M. (Edinburgh).—"Stir up your mournful Willies to write in more cheerful strain." Righto! Henceforth our mournful Willies will be Witty Williams.

B. C. (Truro).—"It is to be hoped that the L.C.C. enquiry into the possibilities of abolishing fogs will be successful." It certainly wants clearing up.

W. J. G. (Gravesend).—"Theatres would have larger audiences if they dropped the rule barring children." Larger *small* audiences of course, you mean.

S. L. (Edmonton).—"A pretty girl is often called a peach. Why?" Because beauty is only skin deep and you have to skin a peach before you can appreciate it.

HUTCH (Perth).—"A pound does not go far nowadays." Win one of the 100 offered in *Bullets* this week and it will reach Scotland.

FOGEY (Salisbury).—"Is it true that it's harmful to get sunburnt?" All moonshine.

M. H. (Peckham).—"It's the duty that makes a drop of whisky so expensive." Duty, Sir! it's a pleasure.

TAR-JOHN (——).—"Small things in life so utterly influence big things." As the flea said to the elephant.

A. G. (Prestwick).—"I have a decided leaning towards music." Then no doubt you'll fall for it, one day.

W. R. (Hull).—"The Government has taken the wrong turning." Not so sure. You may be in the wrong street yourself.

W. Y. (Chiswick).—"I'm learning to dive." Good! Hope you'll get along swimmingly.

D. F. (S.E.4).—"I frequently hear the call of the country." We heard the milkman ourselves this morning.

W. R. (Cupar, Fife).—"Our postal system wants overhauling sadly." We'd prefer to see it done gladly.

A. C. T. (Hackney).—"There's a lot of fools in London." Now then! Hope you're not forgetting yourself.

J. G. (Shipley).—"The lower a man is in the social scale, the greater his temptations." And the higher, the fewer.

B. T. (Accrington).—"To the Government, the extreme socialists are the fly in the ointment." Well don't rub it in.

L. H. (Wanstead).—"Hairdressers' charges are ridiculous." Never mind. Keep your hair on.

ARTIE (Stockton).—"Women don't mean all they say." But that doesn't keep them from saying it, does it?

J. H. (Bristol).—"I can't make out why people drink whisky." May be they like it.

H. J. J. (Radstock).—"How is it possible to get rid of a double chin?" Grow a beard.

C. B. M. (Lancaster).—"My children do everything I tell them." Ours do a lot of things off their own bat.

JAS. G. (Ripon).—"A lot of your contributors talk rot." Ah! but look at the sound common sense they *write*.

R. R. P. (Smethwick).—"I can stand poetry." Perhaps that's because you can't *understand* it.

T. L. (Southampton).—"My wife used to be my typist." And she's still taking your notes?

H. V. (Dundee).—"In your next issue hit this man hard." We've just sent the office-boy for the sledge hammer.

MISS K. (Bermondsey).—"The man who answers your letter-bag must be a real nib." A whole box-full, in fact.

S. G. H. (London).—"I beg to call your attention to one or two auction rooms." Please don't. We've had some.

P. B. (Stamford).—"The wireless chain round the world belongs to me." Righto! If we see it hanging about Long Acre we'll post it along.

JESSIE (Monifieth).—"My mind is all awhirl." Sure you haven't swallowed a corkscrew?

YOUNG MOTHER (Colchester).—"Our baby has just cut his first tooth." Dear me! He is a clever little fellow.

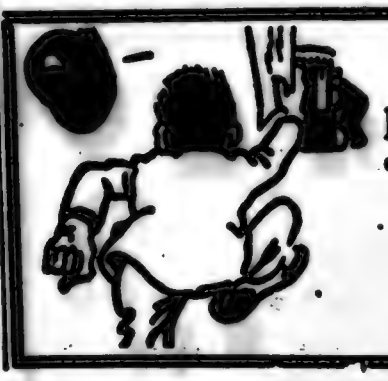
J. S. (Streatham).—"Some of the things in life are so touching." And so are some of the fellows around Long Acre on Fridays.

F. K. B. (Doncaster).—"My young lady thinks the world of me." We, too, were once engaged, said he chirpily.

M. B. (Carlisle).—"I believe if I were given a chance I could do wonderful things." Splendid.

R. Q. T. (Salford).—"As it was twice as much as I expected, I only paid half." So if it had been twice as much again you'd have paid nothing.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)



GRAND . FREE
Distribution of 2/6
"Everpointed" Pencils!
Hurry! or you'll be too late. . .
See page 2.

"So think I let these go by for two whole years"

He thought all cigarettes were alike. He didn't dream that the cork-tip could make all that difference

You just try them!

20 for 1/-

Made Specially to PREVENT SORE THROATS

CRAVEN "A"

CORK TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Wasting Away!

Cheshire Lady—weak, helpless and wasted—suffering loss of appetite, sleeplessness and nerve breakdown—makes a signed statement as to how she secured perfect health with the aid of Dr. CASSELL'S TABLETS.

Mrs. Florence Roberts' Statement:

Mrs. Florence Roberts, 36, Birkett Road, West Kirby, in an unsolicited statement, says: "Some time ago I underwent an operation and it left me so weak and helpless that I simply could not do anything. I could not eat, and became terribly thin. At night I never slept, and in the mornings I was helpless. I had no energy and was all 'nerves.' Often I had to keep to bed, and I looked more dead then alive. My husband, however, read about Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and advised me to get some. I did so, and with the second box I could sleep all through the night and I had such an appetite that I could eat all that was set before me. I improved fast, and soon was as well as before the operation."

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown, Neuritis, Indigestion, Nerve Pains, Headache, Sleeplessness, Neurasthenia, Anæmia, Palpitation, Kidney Weakness, Wasting, Children's Weakness

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

TAKE TWO AT BEDTIME and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Prices 1/3 and 3/-
Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

12/6 Monthly

is all you pay for our No. 666A Model "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated, richly enamelled, lined in colours. Sent packed free, carriage paid, on

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. We have quite a factory called Coventry. Tyres and accessories 331/3% below shop prices. Write TODAY for lists, art catalogues.

Cycle Company (1923), Ltd., Dept. B.2577, Birmingham.

Make your own cigarette. It is twice as good.

A.G. CIGARETTE PAPER PUREST

BABY CARS from £2.1.3

Direct from Factory, On Approval. CARRIAGE PAID. Retail Profits Saved. Cash or Easy Terms. *Send now for Free Art Catalogue.*

DIRECT PUBLIC SUPPLY CO., (Dept. 136), Coventry

5/- MONTHLY GOLD 45/-

True Time Warranted — Leather Wrist Strap

A good fashionable Ladies' Wrist Watch that will give you satisfaction, fitted with jewelled movement, white dial and Rail-marked gold cases. Price with Leather or Moire Silk Wristlet, only 45/- on simple easy terms 5/- now and 5/- monthly. Given 5 years signed warranty with each watch. Send 5/- now. Price List Free. Home or Abroad. Masters Ltd., 95, Hope Street, Liv. Est. 1869.

DARE I MARRY?

Those who have at *any* time suffered from Venereal Diseases should consult a doctor before marriage. This can be done at the nearest hospital Clinic. If you do not know the address apply to the Hon Medical Secretary, National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 102a, Dean Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1, from whom can also be obtained free information in strict confidence.

Everyone should possess the "Welfare Library" (7 books on social subjects), 1s. 3d the set, post free.

WHITELEYS

FAMOUS KILDARE CYCLES

From 9/- Monthly

While riding you pay just 4d. a day

WORLD'S BEST VALUE

Every Machine Guaranteed

CASH PRICE from £4:19:6

Carriage Paid by Passenger Train

PRICE LIST POST FREE

Agents for James, Rudge, Raleigh, B.S.A., Sunbeam, Enfield, etc.

WM. WHITELEY, LTD., Queens Rd., London, W.2

Please mention *John Bull*

£50 FROM A READER

Seaside Letters That Spell Happiness

THERE is something about the atmosphere of the seaside at holiday time which makes the writing of letters a very distasteful task.

It is easy to understand this. Yet there are letters the writing of which entails only a moment's work, which can bring happiness to hundreds.

We received such a letter last week. It read as follows:—

"Sir,—Enclosed cheque for Fifty Pounds for your splendid fund. Yours faithfully, Allan Grant."

Mr. Allan Grant is the winner of the £2,000 Prize in our "Bullets" Competition No. 486. He was on holiday when it occurred to him that a donation to "The Greatest of These——" Fund might make hundreds as happy as himself. The writing of the letter occupied him only a moment or two. The happiness it has occasioned will be remembered for years.

While you are enjoying yourself at the seaside will you not try to remember some of the terrible cases of destitution we are trying to relieve?

Here are a few from one morning's post:—

An ex-Service man with a wife and child was ejected last week from the single room which had afforded the family shelter. He tramped the streets by day in search of work, and slept at night on the staircase of a half-completed building. He is recommended to us by a clergyman who knows an honest man when he sees him, but is too poor himself to give any financial assistance.

An aged widow is threatened with eviction. Since the death of her husband her son has been her sole support. He is well educated, but he has latterly been unable to earn anything owing to illness, and their small savings are entirely depleted. They have known better days, and we wish to save them from the workhouse.

A man thirty years of age lives a life of awful loneliness owing to his total deafness. He has lost the sight of one eye, and the other is rapidly failing him. He is learning to read Braille so that he may not be entirely in the dark as to what is happening in the world when his sight is altogether gone. He has no means other than a trifle of parish relief. We want to brighten his life.

If you think of these cases as you sit by the sea you will not find it a very hard task to write us a few lines, enclosing a postal order for the Fund, and you will find the happiness of your holiday reflected in their lives.

Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

P. R.," 1s. 4d.; D. B., 1s. 1d.; Mrs. O., 2s.; A. Harris, 11d.; F. M. S., 5s. 6d.; "Regular Reader," 1s. 5d.; Mrs. E. J. S. (Manchester), 1s. 6d.; "Alcazar," £1; W. B. (New Brighton), 2s. 6d.; "Grateful," 9d.; "Double Up," 1s. 2d.; Pte. K. (Cornwall), 2s.; "Wellwisher," 2s. 6d.; L. O. H., 8d.; "Spero," 10s. 5d.; "St. Clare," 2½d.; "Heather Bulletite," 1s. 3d.; A. E. R. (Fulham), 1s.; "Kentish Town," 5s.; "My Ninth," 4½d.; "Peg's Mother," 9d.; "Hard Luck," 1s. 3d.; Anon. (Kentish Town), 9d.; M. W., 1s.; "New Silksworth Ninth," 6d.; "Syd," 4s. 10½.; "Assaroe" (Catford), 5s.; H. K., 1s.; W. J. (Chiseldon), 6d.; W. L. (Fulham), 3d.; "Grass Widow," 1s. 7d.; "An Edinburgh Sassenach," 1s.; "Daisy's Ninth," 9d.; Anon. (Barry), 6d.; "A Ninth" (Oxford), 1s.; "Novo," 1s. 2½d.; W. F. S., 3s.; "Prino" (Dudley), 1s. 6d.; "Snowball," 1s 1d.; "Double H" (Manchester), 1s. 11d.; A. Seaward, 6d.; "Philo," 3s. 2d.; "For Luck," 9d.; "A Silent Sufferer," 2s. 6d.; "Two Wellwishers," 1s. 4d.; "Dot" (S. Tottenham), 2s. 3d.; "Jay-W-Em," 1s. 4d.; M. Hughes, 2s.; "Peken," 3s. 2d.; A. L. (Nottingham), 6d.; "Vik-Ian-Vohr," 6½d.; "Unblessed," 1s.; B. W., 7d.; "Zampa's Ninth," 3s. 7d.; "Tony," 4s. 6d.; "Ninth" (Liverpool), 6d.; L. G., 1s.; "Ploddjng Bulletcer," 2s. 6½d.; "My Ninth" (Cwmbran), 1s. 9½d.; North Shields," 9d.; "Dunhered," 1s. 6d.; A. E., 2½d.; E. B. (Penrith), 1s.; "Newport Pagnell," 3s.; "Loose Change," 1s.; "A Ninth" (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 9d.; "One Ninth" (Huddersfield), 2½; "Victoria Docks," 9d.; C. M. T. D., 9d.; J. J. S., 1s. 7½d.; A. C., 1s.; F. W. (Edgbaston), 2s. 6d.; "Rugby," 2s. 4½d.; A. H. B., 2s. 10d.; "Hopeful Ninth," 1s; "Mid-week Ninth," 1s.; "Harry's Ninth," 1s. 3d.; "Ninth" (Newbury), 9d.; "Second Ninth," 1s.; A. P., 4s.; F. K. T., 1s.; "Strathesk," 2s.; A. E. (Oxford), 6d.; "A Widow," 10d.; "A Misery," 1s. 9d.; "Ninth of 9s. 9d.," 1s. 1d.; "Jaz," 1s.; "Irish Wellwisher," 3s.; "Knocker Bullet," 9d.; Mrs. E. E. E., 2s. 6d.; "Regular Reader" (Keynsham), 1s. 6d.; "A Sweep," 1s.; J. Ashworth, 9d.; R. S., 4s 9d.; "Albert Square," 1s. 1d.; "Chem," 6d.; A. Bridlington, 1s. 6d.; J. D. G., 6d.; "Every Little Helps," 1s. 6d.; "Optimist," 7½.; "Bulletcer," 1s. 7d.; "Middlesbrough," 6d.; F. M. L., 2s. 10d.; E. and L. D., 1s. 6d.; "Cronge," 1s. 1d.; "Delayed Ninth," 1s. 10d.; G. F. G. (Wilkieston), 2s. 6d.; "Devonian," 6d.; "Three Ninths" (Gateshead), 1s.; "Hopeful Widow," 2s. 6½d.; A. E. R., 1s. 9d.; Q. F. R., 2s. 6d.; G. D. (Gravesend), 1s. 6d.; J. R. 2nd. Repres., 2d.; "Southampton," 6d.; "Hetty," 2½.; B. M. B., 9d.; A. E. C., 6d.; R. G., 7d.; W. E. B., 2½d.; "Bristol," 9d; S. Godwin, 1s.; "Unemployed Silver Badger," 6d.; R. T., 1s.; "Out of Luck," 1s. 5d.; "Bewdley," 6d.; "Southampton," 2d.; "Nearly Broke," 1½d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ~~and Co.~~ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

AN OPEN AIR *BULLET*

MR. W. P. WILLIAMS, Clorach Fawr, Llanerchymedd, Anglesey, who won £1,000 in *Bullets* No. 489 with the line "What Matters Most—Poincaré's Policy Isn't 'Yielding'" has been trying for a big prize for a long time, but without gaining anything higher than 5s.—until his day of inspiration came. Mr. Williams lives on a farm, and holiday-makers will note that the open air is good for *Bullet* making, for he says of the winning line: "It came into my mind like a flash while reading about the Ruhr Valley in the *Daily Post* in one of our fields on a Sunday." The following of current events in the daily press is useful, as by this means competitors obtain the topical touch which often scores in the prize lists. Mr. Williams, it will be noted, was successful with a double-meaning *Bullet*, and competitors may be interested to know that the winner believes in compiling a list of double-meaning words to use as occasion demands.

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 490.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Miss ALICE STROUD, 89, Victoria Road, Bournemouth, E.

Example:—The Open Road
Bullet:—London Navvy's "Grill Room."
(Sent in on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. J. G. HEAD, 73, Caversham Road, London, N.W.5.

Example:—Precious Little
Bullet:—France—But For England.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. E. HINGAY, 103, Hilton Avenue, East Ham, E.6.

Example:—Tiresome Fellow
Bullet:—Expression Unheard In Billingsgate.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Mrs. Alice Pink, Haywood Road, Mapperley, Notts: Nice To Hear—Belton "Playing First Fiddle."
F. M. Jones, 1, Victoria Road, Ebbw Vale, Mon.: Stumped—When "Out Of Place."
F. Ellingham, 165, North Street, Luton, Beds: No Thoroughfare—"Refreshing Place" For Policeman.
Miss Hilda Bullin, Laburnum House, St. John's Street, Huntingdon: Giving The Show Away—Huge Consignments Before Sale.
C. Fearnley, 32, Middleton Avenue, Rothwell, Haigh Nr. Leeds: Useful—Seldom Crammed Knowledge Afterwards.
J. McGillivray, Riverside Cottage, Kinlochleven, Argyllshire: Nice To Hear—Turkey Wants No Indemnity.
C. J. Waddington, Soham, Cambs: Precious Little—Use, Reasoning With Unreasonable.
T. Deighton, 24, Frenches Road Redhill, Surrey: Saving Up—Business Worries For Wife.
Alfred Houston, 5, Connsbrook Avenue, Belfast: Tiresome Fellow—Talked—You Wanted To. (Sent in on "Target" Prize Coupon.)
W. R. Ronald, 33, Harrow Road, Leicester: British Ships—"Jonathan, May They Smoke?"

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

E. W. Dascombe, Church Street, Wiveliscombe, Nr. Taunton: Useful—"Spare Parts" For Pedestrians. (Sent in on "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mrs. C. Reynolds, 72, Node Hill, Newport, I.O.W.: Naughty—Seldom Picture "Adults Only."
W. Ashton, 1, Central Parade, East Finchley: Last Dance—Bargain Sale's Gown Didn't.
C. Dorrell, 29, Sefton Rd., Edgbaston, Birmingham: Unsolved Problem—Where American Jurisdiction Ends.
W. J. Kerswell, 56, Lawrence Hill, Bristol: Sticking It On—Films—Improvement On Blackboard.
A. E. Wardley, Stone Cottage, Snape Road, Tunstall, Suffolk: Giving The Show Away—Glut Suddenly Following Shortage.
S. Middleditch, 49, Rosebery Gdns., Harringay, N.4: Independent Action—Often Where "Least Thought."
W. McIlroy, 7, Rockwell Place, Dundee: Lord Curzon—Another Creditor Of Ours.
P. Brownlee, 46, Torphichen Street, Edinburgh: Tiresome Fellow—Always Discussing His "Handicap."
(Sent in on "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mrs. K. M. Woods, Woodvale, Mt. Pleasant, Newport, I.O.W.: Gay Spark—After Marriage Lights Fire.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

B. Abbott, 31, High St., Chard, Som.: H. V. Alderman, c.o. Crabtree & Son, Motor Engineers, Wisbech: A. G. Ashfield, 11, Rydbourne Rd., Abingdon, Berks: O. G. Bagnall, 2, Stanley Rd., Halifax: F. Bailey, 30, Birch Terr., Hr. Baxenden, Accrington: C. Bates, 66, Blakenall Lane, Leamore, Walsall: E. Bean, 25, Chase Rd., Brownhills, Nr. Walsall: W. J. Bell, 27, Adelaide Av., Belfast: R. H. Berry, 9, Kensington Rd., Lancaster: A. Binns, West Terr., Scarborough, Yorks: G. R. Blackwell, Scowles, Coleford, Glos.: G. H. Browne, 83, Forest Rd., Southport: M. Bugden, 56, Cottage Rd., Southsea: W. Casey, 29, Shuttleworth St., Farby, via Colne, Lancs: A. Carroll, 23, Lennox St., Dublin: S. J. Charlton, St. Catherine's Lighthouse, Niton, I.O.W.: Miss F. E. Coad, Whitehall, Scorrier, Cornwall: T. H. Compton, 1, Victoria St., St. Paul's, Cheltenham: Z. Congreve, 141, Ditchling Rd., Brighton: A. E. Cruse, Clyde Villa, Fairview Av., Stanford-le-Hope: Miss J. Cummings, 119, Saltley Rd., Birmingham: F. Dale, 39, Stone Rd., Longton, Staffs: Miss C. Davidson, Chapel House, Nairn: Mrs. A. M. Davies, South View, Bramley: C. L. Davis, 12, Kingston Bldgs., Bath: P. Davison, 64, Mayfield Rd., Levenshulme, Manchester: Mrs. E. Day, Southwick, Mark, Highbridge, Som.: Miss J. G. Dufty, Green Lane, Linthorpe, Middlesbrough: Miss R. Enock, 2, Westfield Terr., Loftus, Yorks: C. Foster, 321, London Rd., Thornton Heath: Miss M. Grant, 37, St. Margarets Rd., Poole: Mrs. A. Green, 56, Matcham Rd., London, E.: Mrs. H. Green, 10, Connaught Rd., Margate: F. Gleave, 51, Hill St., Blackburn: H. Hardiker, Ryecroft, Clutton, Bristol: J. Harries, Cwmbach, Llanarthney, Carm.: E. Houghton, 30, Morley St., St. Helens, Lancs: A. W. Hassall, 50, Shakespeare Rd., Preston, Lancs: R. Hart, 29, Nelson St., Cotmanhay, Ilkeston: Mrs. E. Hartley, 61, Newchurch Rd., Rawtenstall, Lancs: I. Hearn, 4, The Parade, Bourne End, Bucks: F. C. Heywood, 67, All Saints Rd., Peterborough: L. Howard, 4, School Rd., Newton Abbot: C. Hubbard, 196, Putney Bridge Rd., Putney, S.W.: J. P. Hudson, 104, Wormholt Rd., Shepherd's Bush: A. Hunter, Junr., Ashgrove Cott., Hollinsclough, Newtn. Alths: P. M. Hutchwaite, 82, Queen's Rd., Watford: W. Jackson, 57, Baird St., Bradford: Mrs. C. James, Steps, Summerland Rd., Minehead: E. Jeffreys, 9, Church Rd., Smethwick, Staffs: H. Jones, 6, Manse

(Continued in next Column.)

BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £500

10 Prizes of £5
10 Prizes of £2 10
2nd. Prize £50
100 Prizes: of £1
200 Prizes of 5/
500 Prizes of 2/6
4,000 "Target" Prizes
3rd. Prize £10

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 492.

WHAT FRANCE EXPECTS
REPARATIONS
FINE HOLIDAY
TAKEN FOR GRANTED
OUR WAY
EASY
ALL THE RAGE
FREE COUNTRY
WISE CHOICE
LIFE'S HIGHWAY
IN THE SWIM
A HIGH TIME
DEAF TO REASON
SUNDAY GAMES
HER FREEDOM
SEASIDE LANDLADY
OVERHEARD
NOT NOTICED
A MENAGE
REGRETTED LATER
GOOD AS GOLD
PACKING UP
AN EXCURSION
STANDING ARMY
HOT SPELL
SENSELESS
OLD SCHOOL
WIFE'S LUGGAGE
LIVELY
MAKING LOVE
SAILING
NOT SO SLOW

(Continued from previous column.)

Pl., Westgate, Rotherham; P. H. Kidley, 59, Independent St., Radford, Notts; T. Lake, Kingsyarnton, Chulmleigh, Devon; Miss N. Lavender, 56, Parkfield Rd., South Harrow; Mrs. R. Linton, 114, Manchester Rd., Broadheath, Ches.; Mrs. M. Lodge, 87, Bexley Rd., Erith; T. J. Lucas, Royal Oak, Ettingshall Rd., Wolverhampton; R. Mackenzie, Officers' Quarters, Seaford, Eastbourne; R. A. McCarroll, 15, St. Mark's Grove, Stapleton Rd., Bristol; R. McKechnie, R.A.M.C., Reception Station, Navy House, Port Said; Mrs. R. Martin, Bleak House, Kennington, Ashford, Kent; W. H. Martin, 21, Park Av., Chelmsford; J. Mason, 11, Lancell St., London, N.; A. Mayhew, c.o. Mrs. Jackson, 104, Addington Mans., Shaftesbury Grange, N.5; Miss Melton, Mans., Shaftesbury Grange, N.5; Miss Melton, Mans., Shaftesbury Grange, N.5; Miss Melton,

The Man who keeps fit is a firm friend of LIFEBUOY SOAP

EVERY outdoor sport—Rowing, Swimming, Cricket, Tennis, Golf—reflects inborn health seeking an expression of the joyous vigour of life. Lifebuoy Soap, by fighting disease germs, helps to make life more healthy and enjoyable. Moments of pleasure come from its use; its healthy, antiseptic odour gratifies the senses—its lather is refreshing and soothing.

The lasting benefits of Lifebuoy, in protecting its users from the dangers of infection, give it prominence as the toilet companion of the fit.

After a good pull—a good tub with Lifebuoy.

WASH FACE AND HANDS WITH IT—BATHE WITH IT—SHAMPOO WITH IT.

The name **LEVER** *on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.*

LIFEBUOY SOAP

Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.

L 186—GB

Printed and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C. 2, England. Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper. Post Free all over the world: 13s. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for the Colonies: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., Australia and New Zealand. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. For Canada: The Imperial News Co., Ltd., Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver; Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; The American News Co. For America: International News Co., Ltd., and American News Co., Ltd. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son's Bookstalls at 76, Marche-aux-Herbes, Brussels, and 44, Rue Joseph II., Ostende, and 248, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.